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THE TRAIL OF LIFE IN COLLEGE

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The Trail of Life in College

THE TRAIL OF LIFE IN COLLEGE

BY

RUFUS M. JONES

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY IN HAVERFORD COLLEGE

O! Wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't.
—*The Tempest*, Act V, Scene I.

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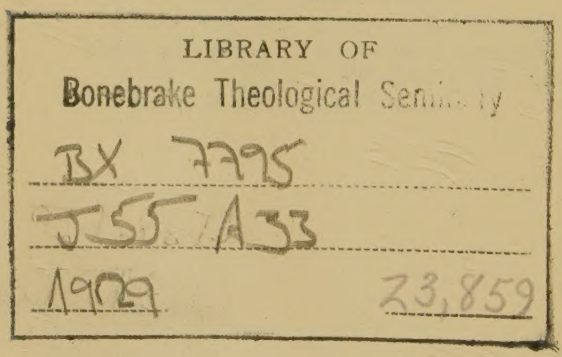

SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS
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TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED COUSIN

CHARLES RICHARD JACOB

WHO WAS MY CONGENIAL COMPANION IN MANY OF THE EVENTS AND EXPERIENCES HEREIN NARRATED, AND WHO HAS LEFT A PRECIOUS LEGACY OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP BEHIND HIM, THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	9
CHAPTER		
I.	CHOOSING A COLLEGE	21
II.	THE CENTER OF MY EDUCATION SYSTEM	30
III.	OUR PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY	39
IV.	OUR PRESIDENT	52
V.	THE MEETING AND THE RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE IN COLLEGE	62
VI.	THE INFLUENCE OF THE LIBRARY	77
VII.	ON *The Haverfordian*	93
VIII.	PHILADELPHIA QUAKERS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER WILLIAM PENN CAME	106
IX.	FINDING THE LIFE-CLUE	125
X.	AT THE CROSSROADS ONCE MORE	137
XI.	*Wanderjahre*—OVERSEAS	151
XII.	A NEW CREATION	168
XIII.	A MOUNTAIN TOP AND A NEW FRIEND	188

INTRODUCTION

It is a bold adventure to undertake to interpret one's college days across four intervening decades. Memory plays tricks with us all. We gild and color from within all that we draw up out of a long-lost past. So be it. I promise no infallibilities. I take no affidavit that every picture here presented is a perfect copy of the original event. I do, however, sincerely propose to report facts and to reproduce what happened rather than to create what might have happened. The men I talk about are real men. The scenes are from life, not from fancy. I aim to produce *Wahrheit* rather than *Dichtung*—truth rather than imagination. It will in the main be the story of a youth who actually lived, not an invention of one that just possibly "might have" lived.

One reason for this "return" of mine into the lost world of the past is the desire to show what a constructive thing college life can be, what a time of new creation it can be to a man. It often still is constructive and transforming. We hear, however, so much of intellectual confusion and moral chaos in college circles

that one sometimes is led to wonder whether life is being built or being disintegrated by the college period. I asked a recent college graduate what I should take as the title of this new volume about my search for the trail of life, and I was advised to call it, "Lost in the Underbrush!" That remark would correspond to a widespread feeling of present-day unsettlement, a belief that the trail gets lost rather than found in college. There is fortunately another side to the picture, and I personally know from first-hand experience that many students to-day are as clean, as fine, as brave, as wholesome as were any in past days, and with their feet as surely planted on the sun-road of life. I do not subscribe to the theory that the new generation now on the stage is morally or intellectually or spiritually inferior to the one behind it. I do not expect my restoration picture to represent a lost Eden displaying itself in a degenerate age that has no Eden of its own!

My reminiscence will, however, bring back a much simpler world than the one which we know now. That world back there had its own temptations, its own confusions and its chaos, but it had no telephones, no electric lights, no automobiles, no radios, no dances, and only a limited amount of athletics. Its distractions were far less than is the case now. College life fol-

lowed a much narrower track. There was more concentration and less scattering of interest and focus. The fact that only a chosen few went to college then meant probably that those who did go were more determined in their aim and purpose, and somewhat more bent on achieving excellence than is true now of the rank and file of students, though I am confident that the top students to-day are at almost every point ahead of our best in the former time.

The old-time college professor was, I am convinced, in most respects a better teacher than is the expert of to-day. There would no doubt be some striking exceptions to that statement, for some of the teachers of the previous period were very poor purveyors, while some of the expert class of to-day are excellent transmitters of truth and at the same time are unsurpassed exponents of that rare profession which Socrates called the *midwife to the soul.*

But speaking in general terms the old-fashioned settee professor, who covered a wide field of learning and had a broad culture and a depth of life and personality, was, for most purposes, a more inspiring and a more effective leader of men than is the modern Ph.D. with his narrow specialization and his exact scholarship. William James of Harvard, and Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, and Pliny Earle Chase of Haverford

were no doubt stars of an unusual magnitude under the old dispensation, but nearly every institution of real importance in those earlier days had its master in the midwifery of the soul, and those of us who came under the spell of the old time can hardly be blamed for preferring it; for, after all, it is the teacher who discovers the hidden self in us and who sets it free, with its inherent capacities thrown into play, that matters most to us as we look back over the receding years.

Some day, I feel sure, a still better teacher will emerge, when the expert with his exact knowledge and his specialized learning comes at the same time into possession of a technique of method that will enable him to do the work of midwifery far better than the men of my day did it.

In any case, we shall look back on the present period of college confusion and chaos with surprise and wonder. We shall find it hard to understand how so many complacent educators can have been contented with external expansion of institutions while internally there was such an obvious waste of valuable raw material and such an enormous accumulation of human scrap heap as the refining process went blindly forward. Thomas Hardy finished the appalling picture of the waste of life in his *Dynasts* with a prophecy of hope,

That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered
from the darts that were,
Consciousness the Will informing, till It
fashions all things fair!

His hope was that the blind *urge* that has shaped the course of man's operations in the past will some day become "informed" with insight and wisdom and with the foreseeing purpose of a Prometheus who knows where he is going before he goes!

Let us hope that it will be so in the field of education. My friend, E. Gurney Hill, who has created a number of new roses, tells me that you cannot produce a new rose until you have a pretty clear idea of the type of rose that you want to see brought forth. It is just as true in education that we cannot produce our new type of education until we see more or less clearly what the central note is that we want to stress. I for one am convinced that the new type of education will bear primarily upon the formation of character, the building of personality, the realization of a rightly fashioned life. But all these words are so vague that they throw no specific light on our new path. They do no more than point an arrow in the general direction in which we want to travel.

This little book that has been born out of personal

experience may possibly indicate somewhat more definitely the steps of the road. It will tell, in any case, what worked for one human traveler who was searching for the trail of life and who to some extent found it.

Another thing that breaks through this simple story at many points is the way something from within has seemed to guide my steps toward the unknown. Many a man, like Napoleon for example, has talked much about his "fate" which seemed to push him on. My guidance always felt to me much more warm and intimate and personal than anything that "fate" suggests. It was sometimes almost as though I was led by a hand, or as though a kindly flashlight illumined the dark. I have many times risen from a period of intense meditation with a difficult decision suddenly made, and at such times I have had no knowledge of the arguments or the steps that led to the decision. It seemed to roll out ready made, or to be handed to me "from deeper in." I cannot prove that such decisions are infallibly "right." I have no way of demonstrating that the path I took was inerrantly chosen. I do not care much for infallibilities. I only know that, as I look back and review those crossroad corners, I am satisfied now that I took the road, in each such crisis, that was the best one for the purposes of my life, and

I am glad to think that the guiding light was something more than human wisdom:

Oh, the little more, and how much it is!

The reason that this book has been written is that many persons who have read an earlier little book about the author's childhood—*Finding the Trail of Life*—have urged him to write a second volume, carrying the story farther on. It is a different task from the earlier one. A child is naïve, natural and simple, and if one can catch his primitive simplicity and reproduce it as it was, it is bound to have a certain native charm. A college youth has left that stage forever behind, as certainly as Adam left his innocency behind in Eden when he "migrated." He is in the early throes of reflection. He is baffled with new issues and new problems. He is hampered by a tendency to be over-self-conscious. His easy, careless, naïve manner and his unconscious way of life have become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." One can become "like a little child," and can recover the "tender grace" of that lost period, but it is next to impossible to turn the clock back and be once more truly and completely a college youth just as he was when he was one. It is perhaps not quite impossible, however, for one who has for thirty-five years lived in continual contact with

a steady succession of college students. It becomes almost second nature to share their spirit and to feel their inner currents.

Anyway, here is an honest attempt to travel back and re-live the days that are dead. It will not be a story of thrills. There are no airplane adventures in it, no "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach." The most dangerous feats we had consisted in mounting and riding the old-fashioned high bicycle! There will be no wild romances of successful or unsuccessful love-making, no dashes to Elkton, no scenes in divorce courts. It is a "plain tale," busy for the most part with the building of a common, ordinary kind of life. It is not told to glorify or embellish a man, nor to "exalt the creature," as the old Quaker phrase has it. It is told simply in the faith that the slow steps in the architecture of a life are naturally interesting, if they can get presented in spirit and in truth. I can well repeat here what Wordsworth wrote in *The Prelude,* to introduce his story of the building of a life:

> Not of outward things
> Done visibly for other minds, words, signs,
> Symbols or actions, but of my own heart
> Have I been speaking, and my youthful mind.
> O Heavens! how awful is the might of souls,
> And what they do within themselves while yet
> The yoke of earth is new to them, the world
> Nothing but a wild field where they were sown.

INTRODUCTION

Aristotle used to say that the *nature* of a thing is the best that it can grow into. That wise statement, however, does not bring much help to the "youthful mind," since the main problem for the youth when he is a youth is to discover what it is that he *wants* to grow into. The moment he knows certainly what he wants to be in maturity, he can nearly always arrive there. If he can settle his focus, if he can go forward with an "invincible surmise" of direction, he can attain his goal, unless unforeseen and unconquerable circumstances beset him. But how can he discover what he really *wants?* What *is* the best he can grow into? The person who helps him most is the person who helps him to answer those questions, the person who enables him to read his own mysterious soul, to open his sealed orders and to feel "the invincible surmise" that carries him forward in the right direction. I am telling here how *that* happened to me.

THE TRAIL OF LIFE IN COLLEGE

THE TRAIL OF LIFE IN COLLEGE

CHAPTER I

CHOOSING A COLLEGE

THERE are three major events in one's life. Getting born in the right place, of the right parents, at the right moment in time, is one of them. Getting married to the right companion for the voyage of life is another one. The element of choice comes into play in the latter event in a way unknown to the former, but there is a mysterious and unpredictable factor present in both cases. The third event is the selection of one's center of education; if the education reaches the college grade, it will naturally be the choice of the right college.

Lifelong college loyalty almost always results from the four years of residence in a given institution. They are momentous years at an impressionable period of life, and it would be strange if the grooves of affection were not plowed deeply into the soul. The institution quickly becomes personified as an alma mater, imagination glorifies the dear nursing mother and raises her to an exalted station in a way which it is difficult for a stranger quite to appreciate.

Having made his selection, having formed his group of college friends, having drawn the waters of life from the particular college fountain of his choice, the alumnus remains in ignorance of the charms and advantages of other colleges and quietly assumes that he was favored to find the premier institution of his time. He sings its praises. He glories in its development. He contributes to its expansion. He triumphs in its athletic victories. And it hardly occurs to him that other colleges can be just as worthy. Contiguity is an almost magic word. When once we are thrown into close contact with a home, with a village, with a certain city street, with a definite school, with a particular college, with a specific person out of the whole mass of humanity, nothing else afterwards is ever just the same. There is no proof that we have found the best that there is to be found. We do not care for proof. We surrender to the appeal of *acquaintance*. We are creatures of habit. We enjoy going on with what has become familiar. We are weak in imagination for what lies outside the range of use and wont.

It is quite obvious, however, that this "testimony" of college loyalty lacks discrimination. It carries little evidence of the superiority of the institution. We must turn elsewhere for sure tests of quality and power. In fact, this spontaneous and uncritical enthusiasm for an

alma mater, solely because she is that, has tended to keep our institutions on a lower level than was legitimate. We have condoned the thinness of quality because in our swelling loyalty we have had no eyes to see how thin it was. I have all this in mind as I go forward to speak of my great fortune in the choice of a college. I discount thrills that rest alone on contiguity. I have long since traveled beyond the glamour born of boyish enthusiasm. I have in later years had many alma maters. I have lived in many centers of culture. I have formed many affections for seats of learning, and I have had many opportunities to train and exercise a critical judgment toward my first college home. If I err now in any direction, it is that I am too critical toward all our American institutions of learning, including my own. I am no longer living on my stock of enthusiasm. I am inclined to look under all the beds and in all the closets for trouble! In spite of all that, I am convinced that I chose the best college in America *for my purpose in life.* This is a world of relativity, and I am not contending for the absolutely best. I am merely saying that for *this peculiar me,* who found the early trail of life in a little Quaker village in Maine, as I have described in a previous book, Haverford College was in my day the best center of culture then available.

I halted for some time between Haverford and one of the three New England colleges which had a strong attraction for me. My Aunt Peace, whose wisdom at this stage of my life seemed to me little short of infallible and whom I consulted about every step which deeply affected my life, was strongly in favor of Haverford. So, too, was my Uncle Eli, who knew the College intimately from the inside and was acquainted with nearly all the professors. His judgment counted heavily. My cousin Charles Jacob, already dearly beloved and soon to become more so, had entered Haverford while I was bringing up my Greek, for he had gone on to college a year ahead of me, and he had asked me to come to Haverford and be his roommate, which naturally made a great appeal to me. Then not the least inducement was the offer from the College of a scholarship covering in full my tuition and living expenses, which, as was right, I was to have the privilege of paying back to the college in later life.

It is difficult for a reader to-day to realize how strikingly conditions have altered in the period since 1882, when I entered college. Then it was a rare and unusual thing for a boy to go to college, and a most signal and unexpected thing for a girl to do so. It was much easier to enter then than now. The intellectual conditions of entrance were not as severe as they are now,

but the universal drift toward college had not begun, and all our colleges were still small. A college graduate was consequently counted to be a person of some distinction. He belonged in a select class.

Haverford College was half a century old when I entered the Sophomore, or second-year, class, in the autumn of 1882—to be exact, it was forty-nine years old, having been founded in 1833. In 1827 there had come a disastrous "separation" in the Society of Friends in Philadelphia and some of the leaders of the so-called "orthodox" wing of the Society concluded that the tragedy had been mainly due to the state of ignorance prevailing in the membership at large. They decided to prevent future disasters of a similar sort by instituting a campaign of education for the sons of Friends. They obviously had not discovered that daughters counted in such matters! That discovery was to come later.

These wise leaders of thought and action raised a considerable fund of money and then faithfully searched the suburbs of Philadelphia to find the ideal location for their proposed institution, which was to be for "higher learning." In their mind one of the first essentials for a location was a perennial source of pure water. They found a large up-bubbling spring of perfect crystal-clear water near the old Haverford Road

in Delaware County, about ten miles due west of Philadelphia, and they had the good fortune to secure by purchase the two-hundred-acre farm attached to the living spring. Later the area was extended through to Lancaster Pike in Montgomery County, making the complete college property in its final stretch two hundred and twenty-five beautiful acres.

Most of the land lay between the two famous roads already mentioned—the Haverford Road and the Lancaster Pike—and, by good fortune, when the Pennsylvania Railroad was built, it ran in its earliest period along one of the boundaries of the College land, and a station was located within easy reach of the College. In fact, there is a tradition that in the primitive days of the railroad, the conductor used to hold his train in the station while a brakeman ran over to the College to see if any of the boys wanted to go to the city! In any case, it is not the custom to do that now. Before my date the great curve in the railroad had been straightened and the old track along the College grounds under our meeting-house bridge had been turned into a highway road. This change put the station a quarter of a mile away and relieved us of the noise of traffic.

These pioneer leaders of Quaker higher education in the third decade of the last century had imperial

scope and range in their planning. In some things they were no doubt narrow, but in most respects they were broad. They wore the old-fashioned drab garb of the medieval Quaker, but they resolved to make a beautiful institution for their children and their children's children. They secured a famous English landscape gardener to plan what we now call the campus, and he had lordly ideas of what was fit for campuses. It is not too much to say that he had a real touch of genius in his creative work. He was a great lover of noble trees and here he gathered the finest types of tree native to the region. All the species of oaks—including the splendid willow oak—are there. All the maples known to man flourish on the grounds. Green beeches, purple beeches and copper beeches abound. He especially loved larches, which we, who come from Maine, prefer to call hackmatacks. Stately elms, including a scion of William Penn's "treaty-elm," add their cathedral touch of glory. He greatly favored what Emerson used to call the "quincunx" system of arranging groups of trees, and the College still enjoys these magnificent quincunxes of oaks, elms, ashes, locusts and tulip-poplars. The glorious chestnuts have since all gone, victims of a deadly microscopic pest which the old gardener never heard of.

This landscape genius did the College another service

almost as great as his artistic plan for the grounds. He had brought with him from his old home an undying love for the great English game, and he taught the Haverford boys at the very start to play cricket. That proved to be a tremendous contribution. For all the years since Haverford has been the chief home of cricket in this country. The College has produced great "bats" and "demon-bowlers," and what is still better, it has had a long list of good average players who have absorbed into their lives and characters some of those subtle qualities that belong in a peculiar way to this unique game.

But what has all this to do with our subject? What do quincunxes and hackmatacks and cricket have to do with finding the trail of life? If one is dealing with the formation of his spiritual insight and his religious faith, why waste the reader's time on the plans and executions of an English landscape gardener? Just because religion is never something detached and abstract. Those things which gave Haverford its unique beauty and those accidents of sport which helped form its atmosphere all count immensely in the final story of the making of a life. To live in beautiful surroundings, to be out in the open country "under a hole in the sky," to have an environment of stately trees and green fields is to have at the start an asset of

immense value toward the formation of inward beauty and grace.

I remember even yet how thrilled I was as I came for the first time through the old College gate and saw the sweep of lawn open before me and caught sight of the gorgeous trees already venerable with their half century's growth, and many others left from the original forest growth. "What a thought that was when God thought of a tree," so wrote Ruskin once, and James Russell Lowell declared himself—

> Midway to believe
> A tree among his far progenitors,
> Such sympathy is his with all the race.

I at any rate have always been happiest when surrounded with trees and fields and growing things, and a part of my love for Haverford was born from its sylvan beauty. God is more real and seems to be nearer where beauty flourishes and where windows close at hand open into the infinite.

CHAPTER II

THE CENTER OF MY EDUCATION SYSTEM

When I entered Haverford in the autumn of 1882 I had the remarkable good fortune to have my old Providence School teacher, Seth K. Gifford, as my professor of Latin and Greek. I had already enjoyed three years of his instruction. He had received his appointment to the professorship at Haverford in the previous spring; so that I had no break in the continuity of my classical education. I feel like giving thanks every time I consider the *solid unity* of my plan of study. The years of school and college formed a single system of culture. The entire course in both school and college was built around classics and mathematics. Each step merged into the next one and prepared the way for it. Nothing was scattering, capricious, or accidental. Everything cohered. Each "unit" had its own interest and its own worth, but it was still more important as a part of one complete whole. All my work was thus cumulative, creative and constructive. It was all mind-building work. I could feel my mental powers unfold as I worked, and I was always looking forward to the

next stage of a developing movement rather than merely counting up "credits" on past work already completed. I am convinced that something of this sort is essential to sound education. Formation is vastly more important than the acquisition of information. Nothing can take the place of the mastery of some one unified field, a growing mastery which steadily advances from year to year. There are perhaps other fields of knowledge that can furnish a similar discipline to that which I got from the classics, but I am to this day thankful that I cut my wisdom teeth on this particular ring.

Professor Gifford did nothing to make the way easy for the traveler. He insisted on the conquest of all the irregular Greek verbs as well as the regular ones. He was sure to ask for the "construction" of every difficult or unusual word or phrase. We never outgrew declensions or conjugations. Grammar was always with us. "Guessing" did no good. No one could hope to arrive by "chancing a venture." *You had to know.* In his classes there were no shun-pikes by which the toll could be avoided. He did not temper the wind to the short-haired goat. Education for him was not the path of least resistance—it was a path of discipline and life-building. The system of work was as rigid and as unyielding as the precession of the equinoxes.

A kindly smile and a whiff of good nature would never make up for knowing the facts. The taskmasters of the Pharaohs were at least as easy and soft-hearted as was this great teacher of mine who watched over every step of my early journey through the classic authors. I am glad now for all his sternness and exactness and for every crack of the whip which held me to my task.

But even greater than this method of discipline and his grinding at grammar were his love and appreciation of great literature. That was always in the foreground. We were never allowed to miss any purple passage. Our imagination was trained as well as our knowledge of facts. Nothing which the race has yet produced, I believe, surpasses Greek mythology as a stimulus to imagination. It becomes to the young classical scholar a new world added to the visible and tangible one, a world in which it is always a delight to live with the old heroes and the beautiful creations of exuberant fancy. We had the thrill of joy and wonder as we sailed the seas with Odysseus and our hearts moved with sympathy as we read the words of agony and scorn in the immortal tragedy of Prometheus. One of the things for which I am most grateful was the persistent method of having us learn the greatest passages of literature by heart. I can still recite whole odes of

Horace and choruses from the Greek drama. The beauty of the scansion and the swing and march of the rhythm are still things of joy with me.

There *may* be good substitutes for this old-fashioned culture with its grueling discipline and its long, hard-set tasks which one had to do *for himself,* but I remain unconvinced as I trace in these later years the effects of the new methods, and "I thank whatever gods there be" for my sternly consistent, and at the same time inspiring, teacher who trained me in the ancient forms of culture and discipline. I cannot write Latin prose or verse now. My Greek is no longer free or easy. "I falter where I firmly trod." But in those years of classical study I was building the foundations of my intellectual life, and though the information has not persisted the work of formation has had an abiding effect. Here in the classes of this builder of my culture I first met Plato face to face. I laid at this time the foundations of my lifelong love and admiration of him. He has steadily grown in importance for my life and thought each year since that day we read together the *Apology* and *Crito.* I can hardly imagine what it would mean to live and to try to solve the problems and mysteries of life without the help of Plato!

The other main strand of my formative education was mathematics. Haverford has always cultivated

mathematics. In the early years of the college, when the emphasis was on a "guarded" education, mathematics was considered "safe." Nobody was likely to be swept off his feet and be given a propensity to sin by studying trigonometry! No one was in danger of imbibing any subtle poison to infect his soul by whetting his appetite for sines, co-sines and tangents! Consequently whatever might be strictly taboo for the young Quaker mind, mathematics was never in the list. John Gummere, forebear of a line of distinguished Haverfordians, laid strong and deep the mathematical pillars of the college structure. In my day he had a worthy successor in Isaac Sharpless, then in the glow and vigor of his prime. I shall have much to say of this unique man along other lines, but for the moment he stands as the incarnation of Haverford mathematics in the eighties, and he took me a long way forward from the stage where he found me.

Once more I must refer with enthusiasm to the unity and coherence of my educational system. I had already studied, in school, geometry, university algebra, trigonometry and surveying. Isaac Sharpless carried me on through solid geometry, more trigonometry, analytical geometry, calculus and astronomy. Here, again, we had to do things for ourselves. Guidance, inspiration and leadership were supplied in great fashion by our

professor, but we had to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Woe to the man who had been slipshod and careless at some previous stage of his mathematical career, and who found himself dealing with problems beyond his capacity to manage. There are some things in which one can "bluff," but not in mathematics. You either know your problem in analytical geometry or you do not know it. Here "fifty-fifty" does not count. To "half-know" is to be wholly ignorant! To "have only an inkling" is just the same as to miss by a thousand miles! Even if one might have "got by" when he had only a slender grip on a mathematical principle in case he had some other gentler instructor, it was useless to expect that fortune with the alert man who sat behind the desk in our classroom and read his morning paper while we were covering the blackboard with our figures. "No, that won't do, Smith," came like the crack of a pistol from behind the newspaper. "What does all that wrinkled forehead amount to, Brown? Thou canst not solve that problem without knowing the formula." "Leave off thy redundant New England *r*, Jones, when thou art saying 'area,'" which for a long time, even in Pennsylvania, I persisted in calling "arear."

Only the truth would make one *free* in those classes with the man we all loved to call "Isaac." It will be

almost as easy to get through St. Peter's gate with a deficient preparation as it was to "make the grade" with "Isaac" without possessing real mathematical wisdom. But once a man had proved his claims and showed his skill and demonstrated his insight, he received all the encouragement that he could ever ask for. Our guide was as quick to praise as he was to puncture.

I came to college admirably prepared in mathematics. Each new step was taken on a solid, previously laid foundation. The new sprang out of the old. The buttresses below held all that went up above. I got a mark of 100 in analytical geometry, which made "Isaac" as happy as it made me, and I enjoyed calculus as one enjoys living in a land crowded with wonders and surprises. Talk of the cultivation of imagination! What can surpass higher mathematics as a training of this noblest faculty of the soul!

I remember vividly the day we worked out the relation between the curve of a parabola and its asymptote, which always approaches the curve but never reaches it—that is, reaches it *only in infinity,* where it becomes a tangent. We had always learned with confidence that if one line approached another line, sooner or later they were bound to meet; the junction was as sure as sunrise. All this ancient truth was axiomatic and indubi-

table to us. Now all of a sudden came a demonstration with each step of it linked and solidly proved, that there are two peculiar lines, as specific and definite as any lines on earth or in the heavens can be, which travel toward one another, like two eternal lovers, but which meet nowhere and never.

I felt a secret door open into a new world. A new dimension came into operation. What never had been *was*. I had all unexpectedly one of those illuminating experiences which in religion are called "conversion," but which belong to other domains as well. I sprang forward all of a sudden and came into possession of a vast intellectual inheritance. I felt in a mild way as George Fox did when the whole creation had "a new smell." I felt somewhat—no doubt *longo intervallo* —as Shelley did when he heard the skylark, or perhaps as Lindbergh did when he caught his first sight of the green hills of Ireland after his flight over the pathless sea. I knew then infallibly that I could be a mathematician, if I wanted to be one; that I could progress in that realm and conquer in that sign. As soon as the class was dismissed, I started off across country on a sprint, leaping fences, like a hind, and hardly feeling as though my feet touched ground. I had tapped an invisible reservoir, and energy came into my deepest being. The *begeisterment* was soon over. I

came back to a good dinner and walked the earth like other men, but for once "I had seen."

"How can you ever *use* all this stuff?" people used to ask me as I toiled at the tasks of higher mathematics. "What *good* is it ever going to be?" they insisted. Well, I must admit that I do not use it now. My bank account does not call for the use of astronomical figures. I have not for many years mutiplied or divided with logarithms. I have no need of *n*th powers or of parallelepipedons in my daily rounds. But I formed my intellectual marrow and fiber on these tough old things, and I thank dear "Isaac" for holding me rigidly to the tasks of that invisible world over which he ruled. Here in the study of Greek thought and Greek beauty and in the contemplation of mathematical forms and principles, I trained both my habits of exactness and my powers of imagination. Neither one of these traits is adequate for full life with the other gone. They are both necessary. I could survey a farm and plot it to scale with perfect accuracy, and I could equally well *see* the invisible reality that was involved in and implied by the particular topic with which I happened to be dealing, somewhat as a mathematician sees the whole curve which is needed to complete the tiny arc with which he is busy on the blackboard.

CHAPTER III

OUR PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

FROM the very first one man towered above all others in importance in my new college life. That was Pliny Earle Chase, professor of philosophy and teacher of many other things besides. He was the old type of scholar who covered the whole field of knowledge and could teach any one branch of truth as well as another. He had been a classmate at Harvard of Edward Everett Hale, and to our great joy this almost perfect man in his youth had been suspended from college for two weeks! He, with another like-minded student, had carried out into the street one of the tables of the Harvard dining-hall, with the food and dishes spread out on the table, and upon it they put a placard saying: "This is what they give us at Harvard to eat!" The result was the suspension of the two "radicals."

We always idealized this teacher of ours and saw him in a light of more than earthly wisdom. There is no use trying now to get back to the plain, historical facts of his biography. He will always be what he was for us. One might as well try to find the "real"

St. Francis by stripping off all the dim magnificence of legend, all the glory with which art and poetry have crowned him and all the touches of adornment which are the creation of love and imagination, as to expect one of us, his students, ever to get back to the "real," untransformed and unhaloed Pliny Chase. When is a person "the real person"? Not, surely, when he is reduced to "a forked radish with a head fantastically carved"; not when he is thought of as a curious piece of the earth's crust. He is most "real" when he is "clothed upon" with the traits of character and the garments of wisdom that the eyes of love behold.

For us he was a universal savant. He could, we were often told and firmly believed, read a hundred different languages and he could fluently speak fifteen. He covered the whole range and gamut of mathematics, clear up to the mysterious fringes where science and mysticism join company. He could tell where a new planet would be, we verily thought, a thousand years off, if a new one should be suddenly hurled into space from the hand of the Almighty, supposing that he had the necessary data of its mass, its starting position and its speed of propulsion. He never added figures in the slow way of going up column by column and "carrying." He took the whole collection of columns at a single sweep and came down triumphantly and infalli-

bly with the total. He could add three columns of figures as rapidly as one could write them and was ready with the answer when the writer drew his base line. I never knew him to make a mistake. It was the same way too with multiplying. He never bothered with partial products. He multiplied the multiplicand in one fell swoop by the entire multiplier, and presto! there was the correct result. He had magic ways of extracting square and cube root, and of finding the greatest common divisor and the least common multiple.

He was an expert in meteorology and wrote a two-volume book on the phases of American weather. We never read the book, but we always consulted him about the prospective weather whenever we were planning any important event, and it can at least be said that he was often right. When he was wrong we felt sure that some malevolent forces had baffled him and had beaten him for the nonce. I assumed in those days that one reason why he could predict weather so effectively was because Pennsylvania weather was so much simpler and less capricious than New England weather. There were fewer varieties and assortments. The curves were more normal and less erratic. I have changed my mind about that as years have lessoned me, and I am ready now to say with Mark Twain about

American weather in any latitude: "If you don't like it, wait a minute!"

In the regions of astronomical theory and calculation he had a world all his own. He wrote some two hundred papers for learned societies, many of them for the Philosophical Society. I have no estimate of their value. It is unimportant, in any case, for my present purpose. *We believed* that he knew practically all there was to be known about affairs "up there." He tried to show us once in class that the distances of the planets from the sun, according to Bode's Law, formed an exact proportion to the order of the arrangement of the leaves around the stem on different species of trees —what is known as the phylotactic arrangement. It was beyond us. He covered the board with the figures which "proved" it. We followed as far as we could and then trusted for the rest. In any case, this discovery of the phylotactic arrangement of the planets and planetoids greatly increased our belief in his universal knowledge.

It must not be forgotten, in all this whirl of language, mathematics and planetary theory, that he was first and foremost our professor of philosophy. He taught us Dymond's *Moral Philosophy*, Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, Jevons' *Logic*, Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*—the nearest approach there was then to a good

modern course in psychology—and finally the history of philosophy, built mainly around Bishop Berkeley's Idealism. That was the intellectual mold and range of our beloved professor.

His method of teaching was utterly simple. He called on a student to recite by shuffling our name cards. When a name came to the front, the youth was called up and asked what particular topic in the lesson of the day stood out in his mind. If he was called on early in the hour, he had the entire lesson to select from and could make a signal hit, but if he came at the end of the hour, he could say, "Paley says in a footnote thus and so," or he could expand some point already exploited. But in any case, the kindly professor would listen sympathetically to his remarks, expand the idea, make it grow into some importance and send him back to his seat with the feeling that he knew a lot and would get a good mark on the little card.

What a mistake it was to go on teaching Paley's Evidences to English and American youth clear up to the end of the last century, as was done in many institutions. We all quickly knew that Paley was barren soil on which no nutriment grew for the soul. We realized at once that we had outgrown it and had traveled on beyond it. But no one offered us any sub-

stitute for the old stand-by and it went on "doing duty" for years after its usefulness was over. Present-day students would revolt against an antiquated textbook, a committee would wait on the professor or the faculty and the book would soon be eliminated; but we belonged to an earlier epoch when students peacefully took what those who were higher up decided was good for their souls.

It was an epoch in one's life to be led sympathetically along into the philosophy of Berkeley and to learn for the first time that what seems like a solid, hard-and-fast world of matter may perhaps after all be only a mental world having its reality simply as ideas in our minds or in the mind of God. We read Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge* through from end to end with our wise guide, and he made us feel the cogency of the logic and the skill with which processes of knowledge were diagnosed. If colors and sounds and tastes and smells are mental facts and do not exist without minds to experience them, if sunsets are colorless where there are no beholders, and if trees fall in silence in forests where there are no observers, why may not hardness and impenetrability and bodily form be also just facts for minds rather than *brute realities* which exist in their own right out there in space? Perhaps the things that look so firm and adamantine, "the whole furniture of

earth and the choir of heaven," are after all only signs and symbols of another kind of world, a world of the mental or spiritual order. Nearly every thoughtful child has some time in his childhood had a flash of suspicion that what looks plainly enough to be outside may really all be inside! But here was a great philosopher saying that it *was so,* and our infallible teacher gave us the impression that he more than half believed it. What dangerous stuff it was and how tremendously interesting!

Then we went on beyond Berkeley and rebuilt our lost outside world through the new insight which Kant gave us. I spent fourteen continuous hours one day trying to master Kant's "transcendental deduction of the categories" so that I could hold on to it in my mind clearly enough to explain it in the class. I used to hear of a student at Harvard in Professor Bowen's class who interrupted the professor when he was interpreting "the deduction of the categories," saying, "Professor, I should think——" "No, Brown," shouted the professor, "*you* should not think!"

But I am concerned in this story not so much with the extraordinary knowledge of a savant as with the rare and wonderful personality of a man. Edward Thring, one of the greatest head masters, used to say that education is "the transmission of life to the living

by the living." We had in our teacher a very fine instance of that vital transmission. I had not learned the word "radiance" in those days, but if I had known it, I should have seen at once that radiance was his most striking quality. We were always talking about his smile. It broke over his face at all the high spots of his teaching. It came frequently when one of us was talking with him alone and it was his peculiar magic when he was dealing with a wayward sinner who had temporarily gone wrong. Anyone who could *stand* Pliny Chase's smile and not soften his hard heart was pretty close to a "hopeless condition."

I do not know what moral battles the dear man had fought through in his youth—remember he was "suspended" from college!—but in any case he had come up to the top of the shining tableland and bore in his soul and in his face the marks of victory. There are not many persons to whom one spontaneously applies the word "saint," but we all knew that there could be no better or more triumphantly beautiful persons in any calendar of canonization than was our professor.

He preached very often to us, as I shall show at the proper place, but whether he spoke or kept silence, his life proclaimed his faith and his experience. Here at last was a Christian whom I could put on the same exalted level with my Aunt Peace, and there was noth-

ing higher to be said! He took me where she left me and he carried me on in the ways of life and truth as Professor Gifford did with my classics and as Isaac Sharpless did with my mathematics. Once more there was a striking unity and coherence in the unfolding plan. Very early in my first year Pliny Chase, whom we all among ourselves affectionately called "Pliny," asked me to come to his house for dinner every "Fifth day" (Thursday) evening. That custom continued throughout my college period. Few things in this world could have meant more for the all-round development of a youth of my bent than such a privilege as that. The dinner was good of course, for his wife, Elizabeth Chase, who was a sister of the famous Professor James Oliver of Cornell University, was admirably domestic and skilled in all the arts of taking care of such a husband as she had; but it was not the quality of the food that mattered most, since our food at the college was extraordinarily good. Here I was talking face to face with the man I honored and admired most. He became not only my teacher, but, what meant much more, my intimate friend. It was a delightful family party which included the father and mother and three daughters—Eliza, who remained unmarried; Maria, now Mrs. Thomas Scattergood; and Harriet, her father's own likeness, who became Mrs. Isaac Sutton

and who all too early returned to the heaven which she reflected in her face; for she, too, like her father, was radiant and saintly.

The Society of Friends had not always appreciated Pliny Chase at his full worth. It unfortunately had its "conventions" and its "traditions" in those days, and he cared for none of these, any more than Gallio cared for the quibbles and minutiæ of Jewish law. The entire Chase family loved music and some of them "produced" it on instruments. All this was contrary to the ancient good order and discipline of the static or backward-gazing members of the Society, of whom there were many. On every count Pliny Chase was a "liberal." He did not know how to be a static Quaker, walking by the shibboleths of the past. If the Society which he loved tabooed music, so much the worse for the Society! It did not convince him that music was wicked. If others were satisfied with the dull repetition of old phrases and singsong platitudes, he still claimed the privilege of freshly thinking out his truth in living fashion. The result was that he had been plowed and harrowed with "Discipline." It of course only made him all the more a saint and all the more respected by the rising generation.

The picture would not be complete without underscoring the fact that Pliny Chase had in his character

well-nigh all the qualities in the list of Christ's Beatitudes, including "persecution for righteousness' sake." "Meekness" he possessed in high degree—enough to have inherited large stretches of the earth. He was literally a "peace-maker," for under no circumstances whatsoever could anyone have had a "fight" with him. He "did away with the occasion" for all controversy. He was "merciful" to the extent that with him "the quality of mercy was not strained," that is, it "did not come out grudgingly in drops"—it gushed out full-flood. He understood one's waywardness and shortcoming and forgave with a grace that made one instantly ashamed at having been bad. He had the ring and the shoes all ready the moment the sinner said: *Peccavi.*

His outstanding quality is not mentioned in the Beatitudes unless it be—as in fact it may be—another way of translating what our English Bible calls "poverty of spirit"—I mean simplicity, in the fine old meaning of the word. There was no duplicity in his nature, no doubleness. But more than that, there was no pride, no boasting, no straining after effect. He had a rare humility and he wanted nothing which did not come to him in the true course of normal development and unfolding. He loved plain, simple clothes, quiet ways, no turmoil or bluster. He did not lift up his voice

nor cry in the streets. He made only one gesture when he spoke: he put his thumb against his first two fingers and very gently lowered and raised his hand. It was a unique movement, but it punctuated what he said.

And finally he was "pure in heart," and the result was, by a law which executed itself, *he saw God.* He was, in short, a mystic. He loved the mystics of the past and, as I shall show, introduced me to them. But, better still, he belonged in the list of those who had found the inner way to the Shechinah and sanctuary of God, and thus he was a real prophet of the soul. I do not claim that he was all that I am saying he was. I am only insisting that this is what we believed about him. That is what he was for us.

There are few more striking contrasts between the old college life and the present than that which has to do with problems of discipline. In my day the discipline was in the hands of a "governor" who had "the watch and guard" over the moral life of the students. Pliny Chase was in the last resort the moral captain of our ship. All difficult and complicated problems were referred to him, and matters would have gone well if there had not been a subordinate intermediary between us and him who was our "governor." That was an impossible position for any man to fill. The angel Gabriel would have had troubles of his own if

he had been selected to watch up, report on and mete out penalties to a group of college men who had outgrown the way of boarding-school life. The "governor" by his very position and function invited trouble and made himself a shining mark for attack. His poor head was always uneasy on his pillow and he looked longingly forward to the end of the year when he could honorably resign and find a more congenial occupation. We had a different "governor" each year of my college period! The interesting point to note is that student self-government and systems of honor have not only allayed the ever-present friction of our ancient system, but they have furthermore resulted in producing a better college spirit and a higher tone of moral life in the student body.

It is not the least glory of Pliny Chase's character that he could preside over and execute a system like that ancient one and still preserve the respect, the love and admiration of practically every student.

CHAPTER IV

OUR PRESIDENT

I FIRST saw Thomas Chase, then president of Haverford, at an educational conference in Providence, Rhode Island, the summer before I entered college. I was immensely impressed as I sat in the audience and watched his fine, luminous face. I had seldom ever seen such a superb-looking man. He was nobly built, with a splendid figure. His head was unusually large and crowned with heavy brown hair, somewhat longer than was customary for men to wear and yet not beyond the limit of propriety. The students often called him "Zeus," and well they might, for Phidias would have felt well satisfied, I am sure, to have had him sit as the model for the famous Olympian Zeus.

As he read his paper he lost his place two or three times, for his sheets were not paged and were not arranged in order, and we were held up while he hunted through the mass of manuscript for the next idea. It was an excellent address, full of good thoughts, happily phrased, and it ended with a very eloquent passage, beautifully rendered. But we could not forget the jolts and hitches which came at the miss-

ing pages. I soon found that mixing of pages such as this was very characteristic of him. If he spoke with a manuscript, he was pretty sure to lose his place, for he simply would not take the pains to have his sheets in order. In short, with all his great lines of physique and his still greater lines of mental structure, he was eccentric—he had the eccentricity of genius. It made him much more interesting, of course, and there has gathered around his name a vast collection of stories and anecdotes, drawn from many institutions and many lands, but all attributed to him as bona fide occurrences! We laughed at the odd things we saw and the still odder things we heard by report, but we greatly loved and respected him.

There ought always to be in an institution of learning at least one eccentric figure. But, if the effect is to be right, the eccentric person must be built on great lines and really have the eccentricity of *genius*. To be little, or insignificant, and eccentric is to spoil the effect. It ends ridiculously. But the oddities, the surprises, the vagaries, the unexpected happenings, the unique situations of the genius are full of interest for the student and keep him quick and alert, and out of the experiences comes a stock of happy and fragrant memories. One can punctuate almost every recitation with a brilliant incident that does not easily die.

It was Thomas Chase who more than anyone else linked together Harvard and Haverford in what has proved to be a most important fellowship of scholarly interests, and it was largely through him that the long line of Haverford scholars was started to Harvard for graduate work. He himself was a distinguished Harvard scholar and later a Harvard tutor, at which time he was Phillips Brooks' teacher and friendly adviser. He traveled extensively abroad, continuing his studies in the Old World. He wrote a striking little book, entitled *Hellas.* When he was describing his ascent of Parnassus, on the occasion of a personal visit to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she copied down a part of his account of the ascent and told him that she hoped, with his permission, to use it in a poem she was then writing. Shortly after, "Aurora Leigh" was published and Thomas Chase's description of the ascent of Parnassus appeared in it, almost word for word as he gave it to her. The famous passage is in the Third Book of the poem, and it reads as follows:

> No one sings
> Descending Sinai: on Parnassus-mount
> You take a mule to climb, and not a muse,
> Except in fable and figure.

His work at Harvard, his travels in Europe and the fruits of his scholarship gave him much prestige, and

he was called to Haverford to maintain its already high reputation for classical excellence. He not only maintained it, but he added greatly to it. After he was made president in 1874, he continued all his life to be a teacher—to my mind, a great teacher—rather than an administrator, though he steadily enlarged, improved and strengthened the College. He was selected to be one of the distinguished group of American scholars who prepared the revised translation of the New Testament in 1881, and his contribution to this work was, I have been told by members of the Commission, very important indeed. He was given, as he richly deserved, an honorary degree of LL.D. by Harvard, the first of a long list of such degrees which Harvard University has conferred upon members of the Haverford faculty.

I had all my Junior and Senior Greek and much of my later Latin with President Chase. I read the *Antigone* of Sophocles and the *Medea* of Euripides with him. He also had the praiseworthy custom of having us learn by heart some of the finest Greek passages which we read, and I know by inward experience what Browning meant, in *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, by the marvelous effect of

A chorus ending from Euripides.

I also read with him Demosthenes *On the Crown*, Thucydides', whom we called "Thicksides," *History of*

the Peloponnesian War, the Greek *Anthology*, Cicero's *Epistles* and *Tusculan Disputations*, Pliny's *Letters* and the *Georgics* and *Eclogues* of Virgil. From first to last in all this work we got the *feel* of great literature. He often read long sections to us in the original, and showed how noble poetry should be read in meter. He also was continually quoting from kindred poems in English. He read to us in class the whole of Browning's *Balaustion's Adventure*, a never-to-be-forgotten experience. He linked some classical poem we were reading with Dante's *Divine Comedy*. When some of us showed great interest in Dante he volunteered to teach a little group of us Italian, so that we could read Dante in the original. He held us at it until we were able to read the whole of the *Inferno* with him, and as usual he had us learn a number of great passages by heart. How often I have thanked him for that introduction to Dante, as well as for having made Browning an open book to me.

We studied Butler's *Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion* with Thomas Chase. I got a grade of 100 in examination and felt very much at home with the good Bishop's far-fetched arguments, but it is all a part of a dead world now. If anyone wants to see how far the twentieth century has traveled from the eighteenth, let him read Butler's *Analogy!*

Another service, a very unique one, which Thomas Chase rendered me was to train me for public speaking. It was a strange thing for a college president to do, but he did it as a service of love—*and because he knew how to do it.* It began, in my case, with "the Junior *Oration,*" so-called. My theme was "Our Representative Man and National Poet"—James Russell Lowell, whose *Biglow Papers* had first captured me and later his *Cathedral, Commemoration Ode, Sir Launfal* and his shorter poems. He read my essay, corrected it, put a few fresh touches on it, which still show in his handwriting, and then he trained me in the effective delivery of it. He had a magnificent voice and I first discovered what I really meant by my sentences and periods when I heard him roll them out in his rich melodious tones. He taught me how to enunciate distinctly and to put my words clearly across the space to the far-back seats in the room.

"When you speak it is to convey your idea, and to make everybody hear what you have to say." He insisted that gestures must be natural and must not be made unless they assist the expression of *meaning.* He made me practice my gestures before a tall mirror and keep at them until they fused in with the words and suited the context. How much I owe to that good man's patience with a tyro! I missed getting the

Alumni Prize in oratory both in my Junior and Senior years, though I worked hard each time for it, but I had not yet quite learned the way of ease and naturalness in speaking. It is a long road, and the acquisition of the technique of good public address is a thing of slow growth. Whenever I do in some degree *arrive* at a success in speaking, I attribute the achievement to my faithful early guide. When I see that persons sitting on the back row in the largest halls get my first sentence as I rise to speak, I inwardly thank the patient "Zeus" who taught me how to do it.

Thomas Chase had many connections with prominent public and literary men both at home and abroad, and he secured for us some quite remarkable lectures during my period. The most memorable one of all was given by James Bryce, and it was not as one would have expected, on the Holy Roman Empire, but on Dante. We also had Lord Coleridge for a splendid lecture and we had an extraordinarily fine address, one Washington's Birthday, given by Wayne McVeagh, who was, next to George William Curtis, the best American public speaker I have ever heard. I was at the time editor of *The Haverfordian,* and I got a good friend of mine to take down the address as it was given. I then took it to McVeagh's office for his personal correction—which was the beginning of a long

acquaintance with the man whom I so greatly admired —and it came out in full in the next issue of the College paper.

President Chase had a personal promise from Matthew Arnold that he would come to Haverford and speak on the occasion of his visit to America in 1885. But, alas, when the time came for the visit, one or two of the conservative managers of the College objected so strenuously to Arnold's religious position that the lecture had to be given up, and we young admirers of the great essayist and poet never heard him. The cancellation of the lecture of course sent us all with new enthusiasm to Arnold's writings, and he accordingly became a greater hero to us than he otherwise would have been. Thus the would-be guardian of orthodoxy often promotes the heresy he fears. It was a sad humiliation to President Chase and the College, and another instance of the tragedies which come from littleness of mind.

President Chase brought Hiram Corson of Cornell University to the College for a series of readings from English and American literature. That, too, was a memorable event far overtopping any athletic victory of the year.

From my Junior year onwards I enjoyed and very much appreciated President Chase's friendship. I very

often went walking with him. All his old students remember his tremendous stride as he came up the Serpentine Walk from his house, a minute or two late for his class. There was a rhythmical swing of arms and legs, the whole body coöperating with the frenzied limbs. I learned to walk in step with him and to this day I have preserved in miniature form the well-known stride. He talked continuously on these walks and was wholly oblivious of time and space. Literature, travel, politics, art, Quaker anecdote and reminiscence formed the interesting topics of these walks, and I always came back with a new stock of good stories. I have known very few persons who have had a greater familiarity with the world's greatest literature. He always had an apt quotation at the tip of his tongue for any occasion, and he engendered in me a profound love for beautiful things in literature. The stride which I acquired from him has made it impossible for anyone to keep step with me on a walk, but my love of beautiful literature, which to a large extent he kindled in me, has more than made up for the awkward gait.

A strange, odd man he was, stranger and odder than many of his early students ever knew. He was, as I said, eccentric, and at times the eccentricity reached beyond the safe region of steadiness and balance. But he had a wonderful quality of mind and spirit. He

had genuine traits of goodness of heart and of human kindness. There was a great depth to his religious faith. He swung back in his latest period of life to a fine balance and his religious messages were at the last full of life and power. I was very intimate with him toward the end of his life and I loved him with warm affection. I succeeded in inducing him to move to Providence, Rhode Island; I selected the house for him and helped him to get settled in it and here he formed a beautiful attachment for and fellowship with my cousin, Augustine Jones, and the life full of interests and fine overtones mellowed in richness and came to a lovely autumn close.

I have purposely omitted the humorous stories and incidents, the bizarre things that happened, or at least were told, because I want my memory portrait to show the nobler side which I always knew was there, and I should like, if I can, to pay some of the debt I owe this Olympian friend and guide of my youth.

CHAPTER V

THE MEETING AND THE RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE IN COLLEGE

WHEREVER there is a community of Friends, the meeting is pretty certain to be the center of the spiritual life of the group. It was so in our case. Haverford Meeting was begun in William Penn's time and the great founder of the Commonwealth occasionally attended it. There is a legend that he once offered a prayer in Haverford Meeting in English, though the congregation was almost wholly made up of Welsh colonists who did not understand English. So powerful was the prayer and so unusual was the sense of divine presence as he communed with God, that nearly every face was bathed in tears as Penn finished his supplication.

The first Haverford Meeting House was built in 1684 and the present Old Haverford House was built in 1700. It was presumably in this one that William Penn offered the prayer referred to above. The fireplaces in this meeting house of 1700 were very novel: they were built outside instead of inside the house. There were no chimneys required. At the back of the

fireplace, set into the wall of stone, was a large wrought-iron plate which became highly heated from the immense fire of logs piled up against it on the outside. When this plate got thoroughly hot the heat was radiated from it into the building and the house was made entirely comfortable, though there was no fire anywhere visible.

When the "separation" came in the Society of Friends in 1827, the old meeting house remained the property of the "Hicksites," and the "Orthodox" members, who were a minority, built the present meeting house, which has since been many times improved and enlarged, on the site near the College grounds. The meeting house is reached from the College by a bridge over the railroad track, now a wide avenue for motor traffic, and then by a beautiful footpath shaded with a double row of ginkgo trees, though in my day the trees were ancient lindens which went to wreck later in a fierce ice storm.

We all went to meeting—students and professors and Quaker neighbors—twice each week. A great many students went home for week-ends, so that the Thursday meeting—"Fifth-day meeting," in Quaker phraseology—was larger than was the Sunday, or "First-day" one. I suppose that my readers, especially those who are still young, will be of the opinion that

it was much easier and more natural to be religious forty years ago than it is now. They will smile, perhaps, at the naïveté and simplicity of my narrative, as though it came out of a primitive age, long ago left behind. I shall not agree that it was easier or more natural to be religious then than now. There is no generation of young minds that finds the truths and realities of religion easy of apprehension. Faith is never ready made; it must always be *built*. The building process is easier in some epochs than in others, but the structure of the spirit must be reared in every case in the face of real difficulties.

The intellectual problems in the last two decades of the nineteenth century were in many ways more difficult for us than are those which confront the present-day youth. I was in college when Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer were at the crest of their reputation. The adjustment between Christianity and evolution had not yet been thought through. Higher criticism too was in its destructive stage, and we did not see yet the marvelous new historical light which scholarship was to throw and has thrown on the Bible. I vividly remember how, one day in our philosophy class, Pliny Chase opened a thick, new book and told us he was going to read a section from a man who seemed to him like "a new prophet" in this age of science, and then

he read from Henry Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World.* Drummond's message, even though the early formulation of it was imperfect, came like water to shipwrecked men. No, it was not easy then to be religious, and we were very far indeed from being naïve and simple-minded.

Our meetings always began in silence, as I think all Quaker meetings should begin. The most important thing in one's religious life is not hearing pious words spoken or singing hymns which express some composer's spiritual mood; it consists rather in the personal cultivation of one's own capacity to commune with God and to come into living fellowship with Him. There were in the Haverford group a number of spiritually refined and "seasoned" Friends who helped to make the atmosphere of worship vital. There must always be such a living nucleus of real worshipers, otherwise the silence is likely to be dead and conventional. It sometimes was so. We sometimes *sat,* and nothing happened. But very often there was a circulation of life and power. Something broke through and *found* us. Those who were more ripe and spiritual did something by the intensity of their spirit and the elevation of their souls to raise the whole level of the meeting and to bring it into concentration and unity of purpose.

Pliny Chase sat facing us at the top or head of the meeting on the men's side. Next to him sat his brother, Thomas Chase, then Allen C. Thomas, professor of history and librarian, and in the front group was usually to be found John B. Garrett, who was at the time vice-president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, a manager of the College, and a trustee of the newly projected Bryn Mawr College, to the creation and development of which he was giving much time and thought. On the other side was a row of peaceful women in the old-time Quaker garb. They were so quiet and moveless that some students maintained that they were made of wax and were "put" there before meeting and "taken away" at the end. I came eventually to know all these "composed" figures and I discovered that there was very little wax in their composition.

Among these quiet peaceful women in the gallery was a rare saint whose name was Mary Rhoads Haines. She was the mother-in-law of John B. Garrett and a sister of Dr. James E. Rhoads, who was soon to be chosen president of Bryn Mawr College and to become a prominent figure in our meeting group. Mary Haines seldom spoke in our meetings, though occasionally a few choice words came forth out of her rich experience, but continually her spirit burned as a candle of the Lord and a light from beyond the margins of space

shone through the sweet face and gave it grace and loveliness. She was a glowing demonstration of the reality of her faith.

In the group sat also another woman renowned for her intrinsic goodness. This was Rebecca M. Thomas, whom we all called "Aunt Rebecca." She came from New England as a successful school-teacher and married Professor Thomas, whom we called "Uncle Allen." We often smiled at "Aunt Rebecca" because she talked easily, rapidly and volubly, but we soon learned that there was a bottomless depth of goodness in her and we knew that she belonged to the Kingdom of God. Her prayers were brief, as prayers should be, but they revealed a heavenly flavor, a Galilean accent, and we felt refreshed when she dropped upon the meeting the dew of her prayer.

Pliny Chase did most of the preaching. It was of an extraordinary type. He almost never began with a text. He rose, stood a minute in silence, smiled and lighted up his face from within, and then began talking, not preaching. What he said was usually a train of reflection which he simply "thought out loud." It generally centered around some important problem of life. There were almost no illustrations, no eloquence, no gesture except the thumb-finger movement. One needed to listen carefully and to follow every unfolding

step; in a way one had to collaborate with him. But those who attended and followed got a precious reward. It soon came to be my ideal type of preaching. I enjoyed the silence, but I enjoyed still more seeing him rise and begin. What he said always "spoke to my condition." He turned often to the question of the real nature, place and function of religion in life, its authority, its test and its proof, and always he found the ground of religion in the inmost nature of the human soul. Without naming it he was for the most part interpreting mystical religion. In any case he was dealing with a type of religion that did not come into deadly conflict with the conclusions of science, or higher criticism, and which verified itself in life and character and deed. And there he himself was all the time as the incarnation and embodiment of the life he was describing. When he finished and the quiet voice ceased to speak, there followed a beautiful hush of peace and power. It was easier now to fall into communion and worship than when the meeting first opened and when our minds were full of a whirl of mundane events. Now we had the help of a noble, saintly spirit to carry us out beyond ourselves—and we often arrived at "the beyond."

One of Pliny Chase's favorite topics was one that was also a favorite theme of Phillips Brooks—"the

spirit of man is a candle of the Lord." It expressed for him, better than almost any other words did, the central idea of the Quakers. The core and nucleus of man's inner life forms, so he believed, a living junction with the Eternal Reality of the universe, and through this point of connection the life of man can be kindled and set burning with a light of truth and a warmth of love that reveal God. It is an exalted idea and it raises human life to a new glory and a noble dignity.

Very often we had visitors from far or near who took part—frequently the main part—in the ministry. Sometimes they were gifted Friends who had a real contribution to make, but not uncommonly they lived inside narrow limits and quickly revealed their thinness and leanness. But whether they were of the first class or the other class, we preferred our home talent to anything else. Nobody came who could, to our minds, take the place of our Pliny Chase. One man came occasionally who looked like the great LaFayette and had French manners, though he spoke good King's English. We always called him "LaFayette" and his companion was known invariably as "Rochambeau." Once Dr. James Carey Thomas of Baltimore, father of President M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr, came and brought with him a fine-looking young man, in a Prince

Albert coat, who proved to be a quite unusual person. He was a trained speaker of the modern type and he delivered a powerful evangelical sermon. It was much discussed and commented on and interest in such preaching ran high. He was asked to stay for some days, perhaps for weeks, and he held many meetings in the college with the student body. A great many "conversions" followed—in fact, I only remember one man who stoutly held out to the end against the wave of revival! It was distinctly a time of great religious intensity in our college group. But it passed away almost as suddenly as it came and it did not leave us much farther on than we were before. We came back to our quiet, simple, but solid interpretations of life with our times of hush and personal concentration, and we felt that after all this latter type had a higher note of reality to it.

Sometimes a student felt moved to speak and one rose out of our group to express his faith or his aspiration. It was always very effective when it came with the note of sincerity, as it usually did. I can testify that it took immense courage and nerve to rise from that body of students, in front of those professors, and in that silence where you could hear your heart beating impart the message that seemed to be given to you. I did it a few times during my three years, and it is the

proper beginning of my "public testimony." I went forward steadily from that beginning.

We had a Y. M. C. A. in College. It was ten years old in my day. I was president of it in the Senior year and I gave a good amount of time and thought to it.

In those days of its novelty and freshness the Y. M. C. A. played an important rôle in the students' life. It gave us an opportunity to express ourselves with freedom and without the restraint a young person often feels in a meeting largely made up of older persons. Then it opened the door, even if at that date it opened it only a little way, for outreaching service for the lives of others. We did community work in Coopertown, a mile and a half from the College, and we got an "uplift" in our own lives from our efforts and sacrifices, whether the Coopertowners were made better or not.

But at this epoch "uplift" work was pretty crude and primitive. It consisted largely of pious talk and interpretation of Scripture passages. We were of the past and not of the future. We were carrying on, not breaking new paths. The fellowship we gave and received was valuable and wholesome, but we had so far discovered no adequate methods of service, and we were quite ignorant of the deeper psychological and social

problems that are so acute in the consciousness of us all to-day.

The visits of the traveling Y. M. C. A. secretaries of that period, some of whom have since become foremost leaders in the religious work of the world to-day, had a decidedly stimulating effect on our lives, and the early Y. M. C. A. conferences, which the officers of the College Association usually attended, were times of inspiration and of awakening. I vividly remember how two of us delegates from Haverford were "billeted" in a private home in York, Pennsylvania, the first time I ever attended such a conference. At our first meal with the family with which we were quartered, I was suddenly and unexpectedly asked to "say grace." It was an overwhelming moment. I was accustomed only to "silent grace," an *attitude* of thanksgiving without the use of words. And to make my situation even more embarrassing, my fellow delegate kicked me under the table! It will be best to drop the curtain of silence over this first public grace, but I learned a good lesson from it. In fact, my connection with the Y. M. C. A. widened my entire horizon. I learned the necessity of enlarging my religious range. Before this, I was familiar only with Quaker customs. Here in the Y. M. C. A. I learned how to work in spirit and in truth with persons who had an entirely

different *set* of customs, and it was a discovery of immense importance that there was more light in the world than that which the Quaker torch radiated and that there was more truth than had been granted to our tiny group. The youth who kicked me under the table was also a Quaker boy like myself, slightly older than I, and from that day until the present time he has been a leader of the Y. M. C. A. in his home city and in his native state. We both came back from York with our inner eye opened a little crack at least.

But valuable as these wider experiences were, and helpful as were the college Y. M. C. A. meetings in developing one's gifts in public speaking and in leadership, it must be admitted that our Y. M. C. A. life and work had more of length than it had of *depth.*

It is a wholesome *idea* that students should manage their own religious activities and *learn through doing,* but there are few aspects in which a young student needs the guidance and inspiration of maturer spiritual persons more than in the formation of religious life and thought. It is fully as easy to learn chemistry without a teacher as it is to reach the wisdom and depth of spiritual life without the help of "someone who has been there."

One of the memorable meetings in the meeting house was the one in the early summer of 1885, a few weeks

before my graduation, when Pliny Chase preached a striking sermon on the "seventeen-year locusts." That was the year of their manifestation. They came in millions, if not in billions. They came up out of their long slumber in the earth and sloughed off their old hulks which they left behind in heaps on the ground at the base of the trees, and then they climbed to the tops of the trees or the tips of the branches and began their indescribable tympanic music on their stretched membranes. Our meeting house was situated in an area which had a congested population of these locusts, all beating out their "music" as though life depended on it. In the midst of a din and turmoil sounding as though three or four cotton factories had suddenly migrated to that region, the dear, saintly man gave us a masterly account of the life history of these strange insects, and then with his scientific description completed, he used them as a parable of life and as a symbol of the soul. It was one of the last sermons I ever heard him preach, and each time the seventeen-year visitors return in their recurring cycles I think of the parable and of the luminous man standing there amid that "wild music," interpreting it to us.

We often made fun of things which now seem very sacred; we were in many respects "unlicked" heathen. We had rather less religious quality on the whole than

students have now, but we made an instant response to every note of reality that we heard, as students do in all generations, and, I believe, always will do. We had our period of silence before each meal in our dining-room, and a chapter of scripture was read to us after breakfast with a longer pause. I took a census one day of the entire College to see how many students could remember in the evening what the morning reading had been about. I think there were only two persons in the College who knew or who could make a successful guess. We had an evening "collection," too, with its religious note, but we were so clearly aware of its disciplinary function, as a way of discovering that we were not away on larks but "safe in the fold," that it did not do us quite the same spiritual good that it might otherwise have done. In all times and in all places religion must be entirely freed of ulterior and extraneous aims. It must be pure and undefiled. It must be incarnated in personality. It must be interpreted to fit the intellectual and emotional needs of life, and *then* it makes its appeal to the soul. It will be generally admitted that the formation of a reverent habit of worship is more important in a person's life than is the acquisition of a stock of religious ideas. One who has learned to worship and learned to enjoy worship will not easily lose the habit of it. It becomes,

too, a kind of safety flywheel to the life ever afterwards. It is like love of beauty, or the appreciation of music, or any other exalted quality of life; it becomes a steady lifting power in "the inward parts." It is therefore a great gain to have this side of one's nature trained while the intellect is receiving its culture. It is essential, however, that the form of worship should be attractive, appealing, convincing, satisfying, and not something that tends to arouse a spirit of revolt or of contradiction. In my case the worship at College carried farther on the early practice of my childhood and made it simply a deeper bent of my inward nature. I learned to love the meeting, with its long stretches of deep silence alternating with messages of life and power and with occasional words of fervent prayer. Others would perhaps have wanted something more than we had to assist the eye or ear or to help the mind to transcend itself, but for me the simplicity, the hush, the palpitating sense of reality—were enough.

CHAPTER VI

THE INFLUENCE OF THE LIBRARY

I HAVE been saying much of the influence of teachers and personalities. There was one other influence almost as great. This was the College library. "A good book," Milton said, "is the life blood of a master spirit"; and so it is. Our library, though at that date comparatively small, was extremely well chosen. There was no popular fiction in it, but it contained the masterpieces of literature and it provided what was essential for college work. Professor Allen C. Thomas was the librarian and he had an uncanny knowledge of books. I have no idea where or how he got it, but he would tell offhand what there was to be read on almost any subject which one outlined to him. He gave a course in English literature which very well supplemented the course I had had in school under Dr. Henry Wood. But a course in English literature, however good, is only a skeleton which needs at once to be clothed with real flesh and blood. I proceeded forthwith to clothe the skeleton. There is no way to know literature except to read the books which compose it.

It is worth something to know the dates of authors and the lists of their books—the data for a college examination, but it is vastly more important to have lived with the books, to have enjoyed the thrill of reading poem, drama and essay, and to have the vision and the feel that come and come only from first-hand contact with the creations of master minds.

It must be granted, I think, that no matter how inspiring one's teachers may be, the main lines of a person's culture are formed by his own efforts, so that the best education which he acquires is self-education. I should have been a wooden scholar if I had stopped with the stock of truth which was passed on to me. I took that rather as the starting point for my own quest. It was the *terminus a quo* for my own adventure. The required work in classes was excellent for discipline and as the systematic form and structure to build around, but the free, sporadic, voluntary reading brought its own rich results and its large mead of joy. No one has real culture unless he has learned to read books.

My first love in literature was, as my Junior oration would show, James Russell Lowell. I became almost saturated with his poems and could quote from almost any one. Then I turned to his essays and they became my models of what essays should be. His essay on

Dante had an immense influence on my thinking, as his "Cathedral" had, and still does have, on my religious life. Not long ago I spent two wonderful days at Chartres, with the poem in my hand, feeling there on the spot such a joy as I have seldom known.

I turned next to Thomas Carlyle. This was due partly to the fact that there was a strong "run" on Carlyle among the Seniors during my first year. I had some very good friends in the Senior class and I caught their intellectual contagions. One of them talked and wrote much about the "Everlasting No," "Centers of Indifference" and the "Everlasting Yea." All this sent me to *Sartor Resartus,* and there I found a new philosophy, an interpretation of God as present here in our world, and not far off "at beginnings" and at the end of syllogisms. Then I read *Heroes and Hero Worship,* which opened up another world to me. The *French Revolution* gripped me even more. Before I read Carlyle's history of it, the French Revolution had been only a phrase. I knew that something extraordinary happened at the turn of the century, but it was a vague, chaotic jumble of names and ideas and movements and killings. As I read Carlyle I made a point of expanding my information by a further biographical study of his characters, until I knew them all. The emotional impact of *The French Revolution* on me was tremen-

dous. It quickened my imagination as few books have done.

A great many modern historians will not allow that moral and spiritual lessons should ever be drawn from history. That is, they say, to turn it into homiletics and so to debase it. History is to be a series of scientifically described facts—not a collection of moral lessons. It is quite true, of course, that one can easily wreck and distort historical facts by always looking for a moral in them, as one can distort any other kind of fact by the same method. But for me, partly owing no doubt to Carlyle's influence, history is charged with significance. It is a form of revelation. It demonstrates laws and principles of life. It thunders moral conclusions. It proclaims and exhibits days of judgment. History *is* homiletical, and homiletics does well, too, to be historical. The odd thing was that through Carlyle and his emphasis on the strong man and the doer of deeds, and later through the distorted biography by John S. C. Abbott, Napoleon became one of my major heroes. I took his side against the British in every historical maneuver. For years I was anti-British, first because of the English colonial policy and what happened at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, because of the spell of the Declaration of Independence, Valley Forge, Saratoga and Yorktown, and the War of 1812; and

secondly because I was always in favor of Napoleon in every battle, including Waterloo. I eagerly visited Waterloo on my first trip to Europe and went over the battlefield identifying every famous spot and bloody angle. In Paris on this first visit I was always hunting up some scene Carlyle had described, or some place closely linked with Napoleon's fame. For a deeply convinced Quaker I was strangely enamored of war heroes and battle scenes, and worst of all I had my money put up on the wrong horse! The years have pretty thoroughly corrected my perspective, though with all my pacifism I still glow over *ancient* battlefields!

I read Milton with enthusiasm before I became captivated by Shakespeare. I needed more depth of life and range of experience before these supreme dramas of human nature could make their full impression on me. I read all of Milton's poetry and a good deal of his prose. *Areopagitica,* with its noble style, was my favorite. Of course I learned the great Sonnets and I had many passages from "Comus," "Lycidas," "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Lost" by heart. Wordsworth's "Ode" and his "Tintern Abbey" had early become a permanent part of me, but I did not appreciate the "Prelude" or the "Excursion" until I reached greater maturity. I am interested now, as I look back,

to note that all my reading fed into my religious life and was at the same time in large measure determined by it. The passages selected for memory almost always ministered to my growing spiritual faith, and they still come back spontaneously when I am giving an impromptu address.

As I have already said, President Chase had his friend, Professor Hiram Corson of Cornell University, come to Haverford for a series of readings from English literature. It was an unforgettable occasion. Hiram Corson was loaded with eccentricities and he gave to the readings, out of his own manner and personality, a touch of humor all his own, but, when all is said, it was the most illuminating reading and interpretation I have ever heard. He read sitting down, with arms akimbo, and he swayed his body rhythmically as he read, but he knew what every word meant, and he felt and rendered the musical and metrical quality of each poem. He read Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," Mrs. Browning's "Great God Pan," Longfellow's six Dante "Sonnets," which have ever since seemed to me to deserve a place among the great sonnets of our language, and he read many poems from Browning—inimitably Browning's "Confessions." These readings carried me on another stage in my appreciation of Browning, though I did not yet get all

the way in. "The Lady of Shalott" aroused so much interest in the Round Table legends that we asked President Chase to read "The Holy Grail" to us, which he did admirably. I followed it up by reading all the "Idylls of the King." There is a haunting, mysterious, imaginative quality to this poetry that produces a unique effect. The subtle spiritual suggestiveness, elusive and yet real, catches and holds one in his youthful years. There are defects enough in the work and criticism has made heavy inroads on this part of Tennyson's poetical contribution, but I read the Idylls with joy and did not feel their artificiality or their "Victorian" limitations. "In Memoriam," however, made a vastly greater impression on me and that epic of the inner life has lasted longer as an inherent part of my spiritual life.

I read Byron's "Childe Harold" with rare enthusiasm and had a good stock of quotable passages from it in my mind. I greatly loved Moore's "Lalla Rookh" and I have always been haunted by the unforgettable "Song of the Peri":

> Farewell—farewell to thee Araby's daughter,
> Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.

I read nearly all of Scott's poems, but was not much interested in them, nor did I ever feel a fascination for his novels. It was not my world. Campbell, on the

other hand, caught me with his martial poems and still more with his "Pleasures of Hope." Keats and Shelley, for reasons which I cannot explain, did not attract or hold me during the college period.

It is odd that I was so slow in waking up to the significance of Whittier. He had all the time what I was seeking, but for a long time I read him only casually and superficially. In spiritual lineage I was bone of his bone. He was at that period the truest interpreter in America of the deeper, mystical type of Quakerism. My mother had known him well. My mother's sister, Elizabeth Hoxie, was intimate with him. Uncle Eli and Aunt Sybil had been lifelong friends of his, and my cousin Augustine Jones was one of his closest friends. I had heard about him all my life. I had as a boy declaimed his patriotic poems, but Lowell captivated me and had become for me the first and foremost American poet, and he far overshadowed Whittier. Little by little, however, I found my way into Whittier's deeper verse. Pliny Chase loved him and quoted him; so, too, did all my other professors. One day I visited the old home of Pastorius in Germantown. I came back to Haverford and read "Pennsylvania Pilgrim" and greatly admired it. "Snow-Bound" followed and reached me at a still deeper level. Then "The Meeting," "The Burial," "My Psalm," "My Tri-

umph," "Our Master" and "Eternal Goodness" put me into living touch with his spiritual world. It was a message which was to grow and increase in meaning with the years, but before the end of my Senior year Whittier had become one of my chosen guides.

George Eliot was my favorite novelist—here I had to go outside the College library—and she has remained in the first place ever since, though it is the custom now to scale her down along with the other Victorians. I got Cross' three-volume *Life* of her as soon as it appeared and I read it with unalloyed pleasure. Biography, preferably autobiography, has always taken first place in my reading, and modern fiction has had a very meager place. George Macdonald's stories, though of a lower literary quality than George Eliot's, had a powerful religious influence on me, what I may call a transforming influence. A dear friend told me one day with enthusiasm that he had never found any conception of religion so appealing to him as that which he was getting through George Macdonald. I began with *Robert Falconer,* which is, I think, the best of the list. I remember the thrill I felt as I read Robert's bold talk with his grandmother over Heaven and Hell in the light of his discovery of the love of God, and how the boy in a burst of passion declared that as soon

as he reached Heaven he was going to ask the Master to let him go on a love-adventure to see if he could win some of the lost souls from the realm of torment down below. Here is the rugged, honest passage with which the young heretic shocked his rigidly Calvinistic grandmother:

"A' them 'at sits doon to the supper o' the Lamb 'll sit there, because Christ suffert the punishment due to their sins,—winna they, grannie?"

"Doobtless, laddie."

"But it'll be some sair upo' them to sit there aitin' an' drinkin' an' talkin' awa' an' enjoyin' themsel's, whan ilka noo an' than there'll come a sough o' wailin' up fraw the ill place, an' a smell o' burnin' ill to bide."

"What put that i' yer heid, laddie? There's no rizzon to think 'at hell's sae near heaven as a' that. The Lord forbid it!"

"Weel, but, grannie, they'll know a' the same, whether they smell 't or no. An' I canna help thinkin' that the farrer awa' I thoucht they war, the waur I waud like to think upo' them. 'Deed it wad be waur."

"What are ye drivin' at, laddie? I canna unnerstan' ye."

"Duv ye think, grannie, that a body wad be allooed to speik a word i' public, like, there,—at the long table, like, I mean?"

"What for no, if it was dune wi' moedesty, and for a guid rizzon? But railly, laddie, I doobt ye're haverin' a'thegither. Ye hard naething like that, I'm sure, the day, frae Mr. Maccleary."

"Na, na; he said naething aboot it. But maybe I'll gang and speir at him, though."

"What aboot?"

"What I'm gaein' to tell ye, grannie."

"Weel, tell awa', and hae dune wi' 'it. I'm growin' tired o' 'it."

"Weel, I'm gaein' to try a' that I can to win in there."

"I houp ye will. Strive and pray. Resist the deevil. Walk i' the licht. Lippen not to yersel', but trust in Christ and his salvation."

"Ay, ay, grannie. Weel——"

"Are ye no dune yet?"

"Na. I'm but jist beginnin'."

"Beginnin' are ye? Humph!"

"Weel, if I win in there, the verra first nicht I sit down wi' the lave o' them, I'm gaein' to rise up an' say—that is if the Maister at the heid o' the table disna bid me sit doon—an' say: 'Brithers and sisters, the haill o' ye, hearken to me for ae minute; an', O Lord! if I say wrang, jist tak' the speech frae me, and I'll sit doon dumb an' rebukit. We're a' here by grace and no by merit, save His, as ye a' ken better nor I can tell ye,

for ye hae been langer here nor me. But it's jist ruggin' an' rivin' at my hert to think o' them 'at's doon there. Maybe ye can hear them. I canna. Noo, we hae nae merit, an' they hae nae merit, an' what for are we here and them there? But we're washed clean and innocent noo; and noo, whan there's no wyte lying upo' oursel's, it seems to me that we micht beir some o' the sins o' them 'at hae ower mony. I call upo ilk' ane o' ye 'at has a frien' or a neebor down yonner, to rise up and taste nor bite nor sup mair till we gang up a'thegither to the fut o' the throne, and pray the Lord to lat's gang and du as the Maister did afore's, and bier their griefs, and carry their sorrows doon in hell there; if it maybe that they may repent and get remission o' their sins, an' come up here wi' us at the lang last, and sit doon wi' 's at this table, a' throu' the merits o' oor Saviour Jesus Christ, at the heid o' the table there. Amen.' "

I did not need as much as some persons might have needed this fresh interpretation of God, which Robert slowly discovered, because Aunt Peace and Pliny Chase had been giving it to me all my life, but here in *Robert Falconer, David Elginbrod, Thomas Wingfold, Curate* and *Sir Gibbie,* the love and grace of God became revealed with a new power and with a fresh touch of naturalness. I went all the way over to this warm and

intimate conception of God. I knew now vividly and permanently that God was like Christ.

I read Guizot's *History of Civilization,* Keary's *Dawn of History,* Seebohm's *Oxford Reformers,* Herrick's *Heretics of Yesterday* and somebody's captivating life of *Gustavus Adolphus.* At this stage I knew Luther only through Carlyle's vivid chapter on the "Hero as Priest" in *Heroes and Hero Worship.*

But the most important single influence of the library was still to come. After I had read and studied Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge* with Pliny Chase, and we had made a brief journey through Kant and Fichte and Schelling, each member of the class was allowed to pick out one philosopher to read intensively and to report on at frequent intervals. I chose Ralph Waldo Emerson and the Transcendental School. The choice was more or less accidental, but it proved to be a very fortunate choice for me. I began my work with Oliver Wendell Holmes' new *Life of Emerson,* then just published—a charming biography. I followed it up with George Willis Cooke's *Life of Emerson,* which gave his intellectual and spiritual pedigree rather than the historical facts of his life. His religious connections were traced all the way down from Plato and Plotinus to the modern period. Jacob Boehme and George Fox, Fichte and Schelling were brought in as

his spiritual forebears. Plotinus! Jacob Boehme! Here I heard of them for the first time. They have been my intimate "friends" ever since. Some years ago I spent some time in Emerson's library in Concord. It remains almost exactly as he left it, and there I found Thomas Taylor's translation of the Enneads of Plotinus marked on the margin with notes in Emerson's hand; and there, too, I found the four great volumes of Boehme (or "Behmen" as he always called him) done into English in the seventeenth century, and edited in the eighteenth by William Law. These, too, were covered with notes.

Having blazed my path to Emerson's inner fireside, I read and read and read the man himself. I have always believed, though I cannot prove it by any memoranda, that I read all Emerson's *Essays* in his complete collection, and I read the poems which threw most light upon his main line of thought, especially of course "The Sphynx," "The Problem," "Brahma," "Monadnoc," "Woodnotes," "The Song of Nature," "Terminus" and, greatest of all, "Threnody."

Quite naturally I focused on the "Over-soul," "Nature," "Self-Reliance," "Spiritual Laws" and "Representative Men," as here I got the key to his philosophy. It was an epoch-making discovery. I was already familiar with the central note of Idealism, but

here I came upon my first specific interpretation of Mysticism, called by that name. Cooke had some illuminating passages about it and Emerson was in every sense far more a mystic than a philosopher. I am more concerned for the moment with the message and content than with Emerson's style, but the effect of that long and intimate study of Emerson left its touch, unnoticed at the time, on my use of English and my way of putting things. I had now, too, for the first time really and truly discovered George Fox, and I was becoming conscious for the first time that mysticism lay at the heart of our Quaker religion, and that this was the *secret* of all my early religious life. It was peculiarly odd that I should owe to Emerson my awakening to the significance of George Fox. He had always been a household word, but I had quietly assumed that he was the peculiar possession of the small Quaker group to which we belonged and had no standing outside our limited Society. Here in Emerson I found him ranging in great company with the outstanding spiritual leaders of the race. I had thought he was a provincial, now I found that he was cosmopolitan. I had supposed that he was an *octavo* type of man, but Emerson rated him as a *folio*-sized figure. It aroused my interest immensely and much has followed from that awakening.

There were to be two more stages of research in the library for me before I left it as a student; one was to trace the history of the mystical life and experience through the centuries, about which I shall tell later, and the other was an extensive piece of research work in American colonial history. It was very fortunate, too, that at the very beginning of my life as a reader of books, I learned to read with remarkable rapidity. The trait has grown upon me with the years, and, by means of it, I am able to get the substance out of a book in the shortest possible space of time, which is another blessing college conferred upon me.

CHAPTER VII

ON *THE HAVERFORDIAN*

It will no doubt seem rather absurd to devote a chapter to editorial work on a college paper. The reader can take a detour around it if he wishes, but for me it is on the main trunk line along which my life traveled forward. When I was invited in 1893, eight years after I graduated from college, to become editor of one of the leading weekly periodicals of the Society of Friends, I asked the chairman of the committee how I came to be chosen for that responsible task, and his immediate answer was: "Because of thy work in college on *The Haverfordian*."

The crucial test in one's life-work is not so much the size and scope of the piece of work in question as it is whether one brings to it the whole of his capacities and does it as though it were the one thing on earth worth doing. Napoleon won all his great victories by attacking a chosen point in the enemy's lines with more troops than could be rallied to meet him at the point of his onset. It is a good rule for peaceable undertakings as well as for military compaigns. If

one concentrates his energies on the particular thing in hand he will soon be ready for a larger undertaking and a new focus of concentration. I worked on *The Haverfordian* in this spirit. First and last, I did every part of the work of building a paper. I got "ads," I dealt with the printer, I learned how to read proof and how to "make up" the paper for the press, I wrote book reviews and magazine reviews, I prepared "personal columns" and "sports," I did the humor and the jokes, I selected the contributed articles and, finally, I wrote the editorials and directed the policy of the paper.

My work on the paper began very humbly as soon as I entered college. I was then made assistant business manager, and my functions were to address the wrappers to subscribers and to secure "ads" from city and suburban firms. My "chief" played a joke on me one day, while I was still very green at my job. There was a very hot and peppery man at the head of a certain firm in Philadelphia which had previously advertised in *The Haverfordian.* The "hot and peppery" man claimed that a former business manager had cheated him in some way, now unknown to me, though it seemed very unlikely that any *Haverfordian* manager could have done so. He had stopped his "ad" in high dudgeon and threatened to kick anybody out of his office who ever again came to solicit "ads" for *The*

Haverfordian. My "chief" knew all this fierce and fiery situation, and he thought it would be good fun to try me out in that den of lions—to mix the metaphor slightly. He said to me one day: "While I am collecting some bills, you go in and see if you can get ——'s firm to advertise. They used to be with us and ought to be again." I went in as innocently and unsuspectingly as a new-born babe, and he waited near-by to see me come out catapulted from the boot of the irate manager of the firm. Well, I came out some time later with a signed contract for a good-sized "ad." I had met the enemy and he was "ours." He stormed and blustered and told how he had been wronged. He read the riot act and gave his catalogue of woes and maledictions. I told him I had nothing to do with the past, that *I* had never wronged him and never expected to wrong him. I pictured the new stream of business that would roll in on him as soon as our students and graduates got to reading his "ad," and I got him calm enough so that we could discuss his grievance, which proved to be much less than he supposed. We were able to adjust all troubles and I came out triumphantly with his new contract.

In February of my first year I became full-fledged business manager, and came into a wider range of experiences and of problems. With a small college, as

ours then was, and with a meager list of subscribers, the financial problem was a difficult one. There was no financial compensation possible for the manager. He did not dream of *that.* He worked for the love of the thing. His struggle was to build up a subscription list and a body of advertising patrons large enough to yield the sum necessary to cover the annual bills. When I balanced up at the end of the year my accounts came out exactly even, but I had learned enough from the business experiences to constitute a good salary. I had of course never handled any money before and had never had any valid reason for keeping a cash account. I had grown up in a backwoods village where one of the most prosperous farmers had said one day in the grocery store: "They tell me that the President of the United States gets a thousand dollars a year. That is too much. Nobody can earn that!" Here, then, with my *Haverfordian* affairs I found myself responsible for amounts of money which, though relatively quite small, seemed very large to one who had never before had money in any quantity pass through his hands. I set myself to the task of learning how to handle accounts and how to feel at home with money for which I was responsible. It proved to be a most valuable experience.

The next year, my Junior one, I was one of the

subordinate editors and did a great variety of writing, none of it very important. I have just read over my first article published in *The Haverfordian.* It seems very crude and sophomoric. My style is stiff and wooden. My ideas are largely secondhand, but there is some slight promise in the effusion and it reveals my major interest then.

In May, 1884, I became editor-in-chief and began my most important work on the paper. I had a very good staff of helpers, with Augustus T. Murray, a life-long friend, now professor of Greek in Leland Stanford University, as one of my leading editors, and with my dear friend William T. Hussey of Maine as business manager. We decided to make the paper count in the actual, practical life of the College; and we further decided to give it, if possible, a whiff of real literary quality. In the first aim we scored something like a success. We proposed to deal, not alone with abstract issues and with things that happened in Greece and Rome, but to take up fearlessly the condition of life and policy in our College in the year 1884-85. This was not announced in advance. It came gradually into the consciousness of our readers as we proceeded to carry out our faith. At first we attacked the outworn customs and tried to create worthier ideals, better college sentiment and more up-to-date ways of doing

things. The College was passing through rather a slump in spirit and in discipline, and we made an appeal for a "new era" in life and manners. It is impossible to tell now whether our campaign produced noticeable effects in the tone and atmosphere. In any case, *The Haverfordian* swung into an attitude of leadership and assumed vital functions in the life of the College. Gradually it grew bolder and began to deal with what seemed to us to be defects in the methods of college discipline, in policies of administration and in the management of the College generally. It was a new idea then that students had anything to say about the kind of college, or the kinds of classes that were to be provided for them. They were supposed to be passive recipients of the intellectual food that was believed to be good for them, and they were to be "seen and not heard." We challenged that ancient theory and claimed a voice. The most important article which I wrote during my editorship was one entitled, "The College at Utopia." This was intended to be a sketch of the ideal college, and incidentally of course it implied and suggested desirable changes in our own College. The most "prophetic" passage in it was the proposal to have student self-government, which at that date seemed a wild dream. This is the passage, somewhat abbreviated:

> The rule adopted in the College at Utopia was to treat every fellow as though he were a full-fledged man and endowed with good common sense, until this was proved to be a false supposition. *When any marked offense had been committed, the case was brought before a committee of ten students,* four from the highest class, three from the next, and so on down. Their decision was not final, but was almost always accepted. Half of the committee was appointed by the Faculty and half by the students. It is generally safe to trust the rule that "students will deal squarely, if they are dealt with squarely."

I was told one day by an important member of the faculty that *The Haverfordian* had been under discussion in that august body and that its publication was likely to be suspended if it continued to "speak out" on matters which concerned only the faculty and the managers. I have searched the records of the Faculty Meetings during that period and find no reference to *The Haverfordian* in the Minutes. The discussion, therefore, must have been informal. It was presented to me as a matter of the utmost seriousness, but I maintained that we were not hostile, nor hypercritical, nor unappreciative, but that we were convinced that the College could be improved and that we felt sure we had some "wisdom" about the life of the College

which ought to be welcomed by our elders. The paper was never suspended and we saw things happen along the very lines which we marked out. The Friend who told me later that I was chosen for the other editorial position because of my work on *The Haverfordian* referred especially to this creative and constructive work on the life and policy of the College.

The most important event which occurred in the history of the College during this period was the appointment of Isaac Sharpless as dean. The moment he began his administrative work the breath of a new spirit touched us all. It was like the sudden arrival of a great general in the midst of a discouraged and more or less defeated band of soldiers. The first evening at "collection," after assuming command, the new dean, in his Bible passage for the occasion, read the words, "A live dog is better than a dead lion." We never knew whether he hit upon this passage accidentally, or whether he purposely chose it, but we all knew that a *man* had arrived and that a new day was dawning. We now see in retrospect that the "new Haverford" began when Isaac Sharpless took the tiller that day. I wish that it could be shown that the campaign of *The Haverfordian* led to this event, but that is too much to claim!

These were days of great political interest and

enthusiasm. We had a very fine college course in American politics in which we used that admirable book by Professor Alexander Johnston, *History of American Politics*. *The Haverfordian* plainly reveals this intense political interest. I was president of the Blaine and Logan Club in the autumn of 1884. Hy home in Maine was only twelve miles from Blaine's home. I had often heard him speak. He stopped his horse once in the road and spoke to me, and I took part in the famous serenade at Blaine's home in Augusta on the evening after the Maine election in September of 1884. I believed at this youthful period that James G. Blaine was a "great man," and that the manifest destiny of the country demanded his election to the Presidency. There were a few Democrats in College, but they usually marched with us in the exciting torchlight parades of the time. We all wore gowns and mortar boards, which we ourselves made out of cheap black cloth, with the help of two or three sewing machines and the guidance of a popular matron. We had a Franciscan cord around the waist, and we each carried a tin dipper for hot coffee. Best of all, we had our own "fife and drum corps," garbed in the same dress. In the closing weeks of the campaign we "fought" for Blaine as though chaos would come if he were defeated. And then—heartbreaking returns came in. We dis-

covered that the Blaine and Logan Club efforts and the glowing editorials in *The Haverfordian* had not won the election! It was a sad awakening, but time has changed that perspective. I now see how I idealized Blaine and how I failed to take the true measure of Grover Cleveland who was elected instead of my hero.

I was throughout my youth an intense "patriot." "Country" was a word that expanded my chest and dilated my eyes. This attitude was due to the fact that I greatly idealized the nation and thought of my political heroes, John Quincy Adams, Charles Sumner and Abraham Lincoln, as identified with the national life of the country at its best. Then, too, Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," which I knew by heart, was aglow with patriotic fervor, ending with the words:

> O Beautiful! My Country! ours once more!
> Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
> O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
> And letting thy set lips,
> Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
> The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.
> What words divine of lover or of poet
> Could tell our love and make thee know it,
> Among the nations bright beyond compare?
> What were our lives without thee?
> What all our lives to save thee?
> We reck not what we gave thee;
> We will not dare to doubt thee,
> But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

The moral forces that swept slavery from the life of the nation seemed to me to be a revelation of the true heart and spirit of America.

I was not awake yet to the new and deeper note of liberalism that was slowly coming to birth. I had been fed on the achievements of the Republican Party and had always assumed that it could "do no wrong"! I had as yet no clear eye for the entrenched wrongs and evils that entailed a less visible but none the less real slavery on multitudes of persons in both North and South. I was not yet a critic; I was a worshiper of an ideal, built out of my own mind through my reading, and it shows, perhaps, how easy it is, in the college stage of life, to live in books and to be naïve and guileless in the world of hard facts.

There can be no doubt that *The Haverfordian,* through the exuberance and confidence of the youthful editors who guided it, did enter decidedly into the sphere of practical life. It is more difficult to decide whether it succeeded in securing its "whiff" of literary quality. We aimed high in our ambitions. I wrote to John G. Whittier, who had received an honorary degree from Haverford, and asked him to write a poem for our columns. I did not get the poem, but I got the following graceful letter from the venerable poet:

My dear Friend:

Thy favor of a late date is received. I would be glad to comply with thy request, but I have been obliged to give up writing as far as possible, and cannot make any new engagements. Indeed I find it impossible to answer the great multitude of letters which reach me. I regard Haverford very highly: it is doing a noble work, and taking a high stand among the colleges of the country, and I am sorry I cannot write for the Paper published by its students.

I am very truly, thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We drew upon our distinguished alumni, our gifted professors and the best-qualified students, and we aimed to have at least one first-rate article in each issue. We ourselves on the editorial staff endeavored to produce the best there was in us for the paper to which we were *devoted.* There is no question that we improved our form and style of writing. It was still marked with the stamp of youth. We tended to produce what is known as "fine writing," and we strained too much after eloquence, but I can trace a steady improvement in my style through those years, and I was obviously learning to "express" myself, if I may use a word which is at the present moment considerably overworked. Once more, the important point to note is the con-

structive value of any honest work that proves to be a real *preparation for life.* I worked at these editorial tasks with enthusiasm and thrill because I was dimly discovering an aptitude of my nature which I probably should not have discovered if I had not lighted upon this peculiar bit of work. A person is always at his best when he is working along a line of native aptitude, and he is very fortunate when he finds out early in life what his bent is.

CHAPTER VIII

PHILADELPHIA QUAKERS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER WILLIAM PENN CAME

In that delightful land which is washed by the
Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.

* * * * *

Something at least there was in the friendly
streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made
her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and
Thou of the Quakers.

* * * * *

—*From "Evangeline"*

It would be like the Arabian Nights Tales with Aladdin left out if I were to tell the story of my early years at Haverford and were to omit to tell of the influence of Philadelphia and its Quakers upon my young life. Like Evangeline, I found the streets of the city friendly and I quickly learned to love its

Quakers with their thee and thou and their marvelous hospitality to a visitor. The bicentennial of William Penn's landing with the first band of his colonists was celebrated in October of my first year at Haverford. The "holy experiment" was exactly two hundred years old. I was interested to see the great city on the Delaware commemorate the event and glorify the founder, but I was even more interested to observe with some care and scrutiny the spiritual state and condition of Penn's followers after two hundred years of their adventure.

No one could have been received more kindly than I was received by members of this group. One of the foremost Friends in the city—foremost, that is, in weight and influence—came out to the College one day in December, 1882, and asked me to spend my Christmas holidays in his home. He belonged to the Meeting on Twelfth Street near Market, and he himself was one of the most gifted ministers in that large and impressive congregation. I had been brought up in a small country meeting, composed of farmers and their families. Here in Twelfth Street Meeting there met together between four and five hundred Friends of all walks of life, nearly all of them city bred, many of them persons of business success, of wealth, of culture and of prominence. The solidity of the gathering, the

poise and power of it, could be readily felt, and now I had my first experience of the depth and reality of worship in a large Quaker assembly. It was an experience never to be forgotten. The room was extremely plain and simple. The walls were unpainted. The seats were the color of the original wood. A curved sounding board surmounted the ministers' gallery which was filled with venerable Friends, who were all clad in the approved garb of the Society. The speaking revealed a distinct quaver of voice and there was a striking tremulous humility in the brief words of prayer. The most marvelous part of the meeting, however, was the silence. It did what the inadequate words could not do—it made God seem very real and truly present in life and spirit. Abbé Huvelin has beautifully described his feeling in a somewhat similar situation: "We see saints smiling, and persons praying peacefully; but only just consider *what is going on in the depth of their souls.*"

After meeting I was introduced to many Friends and received cordial invitations to their homes, and the beginnings of some lifelong friendships were then made. My host took me also to Germantown, where I met another group of remarkable Friends and saw for the first time a man who was to become one of my dearest friends and one of my ideals of what Friends

should be—John E. Carter, of blessed memory, a man of wisdom and grace and with lovely touches of humor.

Before my next vacation came—in the spring—I had found a new home in the city, where I was always welcome and where I usually spent my college holidays. I discovered that I had an "aunt" in Philadelphia, or at least she discovered me and told me she was "a long-lost aunt." It was this way: I had, years before, an aunt Eunice who was my father's sister. I never saw her. She had married Richard Jones, father of my cousin Augustine. Her husband died in early life and later she married a well-known Quaker minister named James van Blarcom, of Nova Scotia. He thus became my "uncle." In course of time my aunt Eunice died, before I was born, and again in course of time my "uncle" James van Blarcom married Lydia Ellen Cole, who thus became my "aunt." James van Blarcom in due time died, all these events occurring before I was born and consequently making no impression on me. Once more, in the course of time, Lydia Ellen van Blarcom married Mark Balderston of Philadelphia, and he became my "uncle." He and his wife sought out their "nephew" at Haverford and threw their home on Marshall Street wide open to this young college boy.

Mark Balderston was a solid, "seasoned" Friend of the good, old, unspoiled type. He seemed at first, in

his strict garb and his well-ordered ways, to be severe and stern. Not a single picture graced the walls of the rooms of his house. The "world" was not allowed to invade the peaceful abode. He put no trust or confidence in the appeal of the esthetic. He dwelt apart and cultivated his inner vision. He would not have deviated a hairbreadth from what he felt to be the line of duty to rescue his business or his home or his city. He walked a straight path. But I soon found that he had a charming humor, a fine, happy inward spirit, a rich geniality, and he and I became fast friends. I have often seen that man, who outwardly seemed both stern and narrow, sit in the silence of North Meeting—a large conservative gathering at Sixth and Noble Streets—with tears of joy coursing down his cheeks as in the hush he felt himself to be in the near presence of his God.

In Mark Balderston's home lived a strict, though delightful, Quaker lady who was "recorded" as a minister and who often preached "in the assemblies of the people." One day she brought home from the city library Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson.* I picked it up, opened at random and hit upon this gem which I read to the group: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs—you are not surprised that it is done badly, but you are surprised that it can

be done at all!" This random passage plainly produced a loss of interest in Boswell's *Johnson* on the part of the Friend who had borrowed the book.

One of the most important features of the association with my new-found "uncle" and "aunt" was the fact that their home was, in Yearly Meeting Week, one of those old-fashioned centers of hospitality which was so elastically expansive that it could house and feed an unbelievable number of relatives and Friends. Here on these occasions I met almost literally "Friends from everywhere." I found myself all unexpectedly plunged into a living nucleus of pure and unalloyed old-time Quakerism, such as I had before only read of in books or heard of from descriptions given by "the oldest living inhabitant." It was an extraordinary experience, one that could hardly have been duplicated then, and one that could no more be found on earth to-day than could the dodo in his native habitat.

Yearly Meeting, which came then in April and coincided with the annual visit to the city of the circus and with the usual week of rain, was the yearly gathering of the "orthodox" Friends of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. It convened in the Arch Street Meeting House and brought together, at that period, about a thousand men and twelve hundred women, who met for their business sessions in different meeting

rooms. The men for the most part wore coats with straight collars—the "shad-belly" type—and they were crowned with broad-brimmed beaver or silk top-hats which they kept on their heads until after they had taken their seats in the meeting house. The women, and even the girls in many instances, wore the old-time "sugar-scoop" bonnets, while those who were slightly more "gay" wore a neat "shun-the-cross" bonnet. One would hear, after meeting or at dinner, a comment like this about some woman Friend who had been appointed on some important committee: "What dost thou think of appointing —— on a committee like that? Why, she has a cape on her bonnet!" I remember how on one occasion a venerable visiting Friend from England who had been twice around the world "in the love of the gospel" expressed a "concern" to visit the women's meeting in order to give them a message of truth and life, and the meeting decided that "way did not open" for the Friend to go. I expressed great surprise at this decision when we were sitting at dinner. "Didst thou suppose," a friend replied, "that a man with a beard like that would be approved!"

There is a well-known phrase, "The silence of all flesh." It was often experienced in these great, "weighty" gatherings of Friends. There was often "a silence that could be felt" at the opening and closing

of a "sitting for transacting business," i.e., for the affairs of the Church. For three years I attended every "sitting" of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting—1883, 1884 and 1885. I had never yet attended my own New England Yearly Meeting which met in those days at Newport, Rhode Island, and this was my first experience of that unique type of religious gathering. New England Friends had come strongly under the influence of Joseph John Gurney, the great English Quaker leader of the evangelical movement, and they were consequently more "liberal," "progressive," more "modernized" than were the majority of Friends in Philadelphia. In the latter meeting there was a very strong minority of "Gurney Friends," and there were a few who sympathized with the still more extreme "innovators," who were leading Friends in the West to adopt startlingly new methods. As I have said, I was thrown at Yearly Meeting time with the very conservative element. I was in a position to see and to feel exactly what Quakerism meant to those who honestly believed that they represented the original, primitive creation of George Fox, unchanged and unaltered. It was a rare privilege to be immersed in this life and atmosphere. I had grace and sense enough to appreciate all its good points, to live sympathetically with it and to understand it from within, while I knew all the

time that I was destined in the end to stand for a somewhat different form of Quaker faith than this conservative expression of it.

I had then, however, and I still have the utmost respect for the type of life which that conservative Quakerism produced. It would be hard to find better persons than those who crowded "Uncle Mark's" house and who filled the front seats in that great Yearly Meeting throng at Arch Street. They had depth of life and spiritual insight. They were both "salt and light" in their communities. They walked the earth in purity of heart and nobility of purpose. Many of them had in their faces what John Woolman called "glances of beauty." The silk shawls which the women wore over their shoulders and their bonnets of silk in many cases set off their faces and enhanced their natural beauty, though they were supposed to be entirely unconscious of this effect. There was a quality of honesty, sincerity and truth in both men and women that are all too rare in this world, and in spite of their prosperity and success in worldly things, they maintained a beautiful simplicity and a freedom from what is often called "the contamination of the world."

I admired their capacity to worship God in deep and living silence and I felt sure that they had found an inner way to the heart of things, but I could not fail

to note a lack in *content of thought* in most of the preaching. It was strong in *feeling* and it had an unction of rhythm and tone; it was loaded with Scripture passages, only slightly assimilated; it gave the impression of being spontaneous and unpremeditated, but when one asked what the "message" really *said* and what its bearing was for the purposes of life and truth and action, there proved to be only a slender deposit left behind. I could only unfavorably compare it with the preaching of my Uncle Eli in Maine, or of Pliny Chase at Haverford.

The centerpiece of the exercises of Yearly Meeting in those days was the reading of a list of "Queries" which were designed to reveal the moral and spiritual condition of the members and the meetings of the Quaker flock. They were searching questions about the life and conduct, "the walk and conversation," of the membership. These Queries were admirably fitted to form a silent "confessional" for the individual soul, and if they had been read effectively and then left upon the soul and conscience of the listener to be silently faced and meditated upon, they would have produced a powerful impression. But the custom had grown up to have them formally answered in writing and to have the answers *weightily* considered. This operation usually took two days. It is difficult enough

for a man to diagnose his own soul and report honestly the findings, but to formulate public answers on the moral and spiritual state of a religious body approaches the impossible, and becomes largely an elaborate play of words. In any case it does not promote the life and health that are undergoing diagnosis. I very early revolted from this method of investigation as unproductive and tedious, and I felt that the "preachments" that followed each Query and Answer were dull and stereotyped. I debated the problem vigorously with my older friends. Isaac Sharpless was a stout advocate of the ancient custom, maintaining that it had done much to produce the careful, tremulous, guarded moral life of the Society; while Thomas Chase held with me that it would be more effective for each individual to balance his own accounts in a silent confessional and review, in the hush, his own spiritual assets and liabilities. So far as I know, the Society of Friends is the only Christian body in the world that diagnoses its state and condition by means of Queries, and the unique and curious method of introspection has always deeply interested me.

I felt that everywhere the emphasis on garb and speech and Quaker badges of plainness was excessive. It seemed to me a bondage and a burden, a load and a yoke, instead of a way of joy and freedom. The uni-

form note was negative rather than positive. "Do not" was too much in evidence. The puritanic strain was woven through the web. I remember the awful seriousness with which a prominent Friend warned us to beware of falling into the pernicious custom of tipping the hat when meeting one another in the street, and of saying "Mr. So and So," or "Miss So and So." And finally, in an extraordinary rhythmic quaver, he added with a burst of emotion, "We must guard against a great and growing evil, which is extending over the length and breadth of our broad land and has now reached the Allegheny Mountains—I mean baseball!"

One zealous Quaker of liberal spirit endeavored to introduce one day a slight innovation. He pleaded for it with eloquence and with vivid illustrations. No face in the large audience revealed in the slightest degree what mental reaction the words were producing. Patience and peace and resignation reigned. As the stream of oratory drew to a close and the herald of the new idea took his seat, the clerk arose and calmly said: "The interruption having ceased, we will now proceed with the business!" There was no innovation!

This zeal for restraint and withdrawal had become with many an absorbing passion, almost an obsession. I was convinced that it was the wrong track—and not the highway of holiness for the future. I was, too,

completely convinced that this type of Quakerism which believed itself to be "the primitive type," preserved in its purity by this "faithful remnant" from the days of George Fox, was in reality not *historically* like the Quakerism of the founder. It was an eighteenth-century product and not a seventeenth-century one. There was a boldness, a freedom, a marching power, a creativeness, a spirit of adventure in those first Quakers which these of two hundred years later had lost. They read the early Quaker writings with enthusiasm and fervor and faith, but in spite of that they lacked *historical* perspective. That historical perspective and insight has come in these latter years and it has wrought a mighty change. Without losing their depth, or love of silence and inward experience, the Quakers of Philadelphia have gained with the years a marching power, a fearless spirit of venture, a faith in the future as well as in the contribution of the past, and this fresh, growing historical insight has had much to do with bringing the change.

Young as I was and full of eagerness for scholarship and for life, I was ready to learn every lesson that this remarkable body of Friends could teach me, and the contribution which they brought to me was a great and permanent one. New England Friends noted at once that my college years had made me "conservative" and

had given me a love for Philadelphia Quakerism. It was true enough, but at the same time I was essentially modern in spirit and outlook, rather than conservative, and when I finished college I was highly resolved that some day I would understand the Quaker movement both *historically* and *inwardly.*

Already its depth of experience, its moral and spiritual power attracted me. There was something real about it. Its best members evidently lived beyond time and space. They reached a center of life that both sustained and nourished them. I was, however, frequently disillusioned by the feeble quality of the preaching, and by the waste of thought and energy on trivial matters of dress and speech and peculiarities. I came gradually to realize that the main weakness lay in an attempt to "conform" to what was believed to be a "sacred model." Instead of having a bold and fearless spirit of quest and discovery, the pillars of the Society were busy observing the tracks and footprints of their forerunners. That hardening and congealing method is bound to miss the glow and fervor of the path-breaker. I resolved even then that I would throw in my lot with the discoverer and creator and not with the conformist.

My first important step in the field of discovery came when I read George Bancroft's great chapter on "the People called Quakers in the United States" in his

History of the United States (Chapter XVI in Vol. II). It was for me a tremendous "find." It was the first thing I ever saw that put Quakerism in its historical setting and that presented the philosophy of the movement. It has been better done in later years, but for me that chapter came with freshness and revealing power. Here is one of the passages that arrested me: "The Quaker has but one word, THE INNER LIGHT, the voice of God in the soul. That light is a reality and therefore in its freedom the highest revelation of truth; it is kindred with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue; it shines in every man's breast and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement,—these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history." Of its deeper, inward aspect Bancroft said: "The idea of God with us, the incarnation of the Spirit, the union of Deity with humanity was to the Quaker the dearest and the most sublime symbol of man's enfranchisement." I must give one more passage that deeply impressed my youthful mind: "The Inner Light is to the Quaker not only the revelation of truth, but the guide of life and the oracle of duty. . . . The motive to conduct and its rule are, like truth, to be sought in the soul. Thus the

doctrine of disinterested virtue—the doctrine for which Guyon was persecuted and Fénelon disgraced—the doctrine which tyrants condemn as rebellion and priests as heresy, was cherished by the Quaker as the foundation of morality. . . . He would obey the imperative dictate of truth, even though the fires of hell were quenched."

One phrase stood out vividly in this chapter—"the moral energy of enthusiasm." I linked it with one of Lowell's memorable phrases—"the brave old wisdom of sincerity." It is not easy for me to exaggerate the effect upon me of Bancroft's interpretation of my own faith. He was not a Quaker. He was not defending a heritage. He was writing as an impartial historian. I leaped to a new level of appreciation, and felt within myself some of that "moral energy of enthusiasm" that sends one forward to new adventures.

What was being settled in these important college years was a *vital* way of thinking of God, a way of thinking of Him that would not be undermined or exploded by new discoveries of science in the march of time. One of my favorite quotations in this period was Lowell's line,

> Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.

I knew already that it was impossible to fence religious faith around with citadel defenses and to make it "safe"

by sheltering it from further investigation and research. I clearly saw that the mind of man was bound to push ever farther back the skirts of ignorance and to ask ever deeper and more searching questions about the nature of the universe and the meaning of life and history. It seemed to me, therefore, that if religion was to abide and was to be a growing power in the life of men it must find a ground and basis that would not be shattered by new discoveries, or by revisions of thought. In other words, it must be as fundamental as *experience* itself.

It slowly dawned on me in these formative years that the best of my new Quaker friends had found in fact and truth a way of life that had its evidence within itself rather than in some external authority, and that drew all the time upon forces and energies which furnished a demonstration hardly less real than the demonstrations of our college laboratory.

The Friends themselves, I thought, overworked their pet phrase "the inner Light," overworked it because they used it too much as a magic word without any very serious attempt to translate it into living thought and meaning for the present world. Once more Lowell gave me an awakening word in the lines:

> Idle who hopes with prophets to be snatched
> By virtue in their mantles left below,

which means that prophets' mantles and the ancient phrases which they coined for their day and generation have no magic power that makes them effective for all time without further effort and fresh creative insight.

In so far as "the inner Light" was conceived of as a mysterious way by which ideas or truths or words were to be communicated by God to the passive mind of man as a gratuitous gift from above, I felt sure that it was of doubtful reality and of questionable validity. As I listened to many of the words that claimed to be communicated I grew depressed at first that "communications" from above should prove to be so trivial and abortive, but I soon rose to the saner view that this conception of "the inner Light" was a poor and thin one, and that it must have meant something better than that to the original Quaker prophets. And so it did.

It means in its original significance—and I already had a glimpse of that in my college days—that God as Spirit and man as spirit are inherently related and that there is something in man which is unsundered from God. God is therefore not to be thought of as off somewhere in space or as an object to be proved by syllogisms, but rather as the very ground and basis of our moral and spiritual nature as persons—no more to be "lost" or "undermined" by the advance of thought and discovery than the basic nature of man can be

lost or left behind. I did not have my new insight thought all the way through, for I was still young and immature, but at least I was on the track that led to a vital, and not a mechanical, view of God—a God with us and a humanity essentially linked with God.

CHAPTER IX

FINDING THE LIFE-CLUE

By doing extra work in my first two college years and by taking courses with the class ahead of me, I was almost ready to graduate at the end of my Junior year. I had only a few hours per week for the remaining year in order to win my B.A. degree. I asked permission of the faculty to be allowed to use my free time in the Senior year for research work, under one of the professors, in preparation for a Master's degree. The request was granted and I was promised the second degree one year after graduation, if I had satisfactorily done the work required for it. My problem now was to decide upon the field of study for my intensive work. The choice finally narrowed down to two lines of study, philosophy and history. If I had followed my primary intellectual bent I should have chosen philosophy, and it seems odd now that I did not do so. The thing that swerved me from it was the desire to take up a line of work that would best prepare me for my life-career. I had for at least four years been planning to make law my profession and I wanted to do something that would especially further that aim. In other words I was

influenced by that commonplace motive, *practical results.* It proved to be, however, another instance like that of Saul seeking his father's asses and lighting accidentally, or providentially, upon something much more idealistic at the finish.

I concluded, after much counsel, that a careful study of American history would start me admirably on my path for the later conquest of law. I had become absorbed in American politics and I hoped that I might link up a career at the bar with a frequent detour into politics. John Quincy Adams and Charles Sumner were still, as in my boyhood, my guiding heroes in American public life. I had already taken some very stimulating courses in history with Professor Thomas, including Guizot's *History of Civilization,* and I was pretty well grounded in English history, especially in the period of the English Commonwealth. I decided finally to make an important excursion into the field of historical research. Allen C. Thomas was to be my guide and pilot in this work.

I came back to College, therefore, in the autumn of 1884, the autumn of the Blaine-Cleveland political campaign, with the stage all set for a concentration on American history. There may be more fascinating fields of study than the colonial period of American history, but I have never found anything that seemed

to me more full of dramatic incidents or more significant in its development and unfolding. I read the ten volumes of Bancroft's *History of the United States* and the six by Hildreth. I carefully studied Henry Cabot Lodge's contributions to New England's colonial history and Doyle's volumes on the American colonies. I traced all the colonial movements and colonial wars back to their sources in English history and politics, and I read many biographies of the leaders of that period both in England and America. Then I took up the constitutional and political history of the United States. I read Bancroft's two volumes on the formation of the American Constitution; I studied the *Federalist;* I read the whole of Von Holst's monumental work on the *Constitutional History of the United States;* I read the entire series of *American Statesmen.* I took three searching examinations, the third one in the spring of 1886, occupying almost a whole day. I wrote my thesis on the "Compromise on Slavery"—the compromises in the Constitutional Convention, the Missouri Compromise and the famous Compromise of 1850.

This brief catalogue of work done is necessarily dry and uninteresting, but the work itself held me absorbed with growing interest day after day. In the colonial period, William Pitt stood out as the statesman who attracted me most, and in the second period Henry

Clay and Daniel Webster were the figures who filled the center of the stage. I wrote my most important essay for the year on William Pitt, and in spite of the fact that I was never attracted to his son, the great prime minister in the Napoleonic period, I have all my life continued to have a profound interest in the father. I was naturally still under the influence of Carlyle, and my historical work was bound to be built around leaders and heroes.

I feel sure, as I look back upon it, that this year of historical study would have greatly helped me in my proposed law course, but as it turned out I was not destined to be a lawyer. The decision came unexpectedly. In my frequent visits to my school friend, Edward L. Farr, I had become acquainted with a prominent citizen of his home town, Wenonah, New Jersey. This gentleman was a successful merchant with his central offices in Philadelphia. He was full of human kindness and philanthropic spirit and he was by nature unselfish and generous. One day, as I was coming toward the end of my college course, this gentleman sent for me to come to his office in Philadelphia. He told me that he understood from my friends that I wished to study law. He then proceeded to say that he had accumulated far more money than he needed for himself and his family, and that he desired to set

aside a sufficient sum to carry me comfortably through Law School and to enable me to get started in life. He added that if it would make me feel more comfortable not to have it as a gift, I could arrange to pay back the sum without any interest, at my own discretion and in my own time, whenever my success in my future profession would make it easy to do so. But he declared that there was to be no written promise, no note given or taken. The money was to be deposited in advance on my account and there was to be no obligation on my part ever to pay it back.

I was overwhelmed with his kindness and felt in the first moments a great flush of joy. It seemed that my long dream could now be realized, and it looked like a providential provision for my future career. But as I sat alone in my college study that evening and far on into the night, facing all the issues involved and all that I could forecast of the curve of life which this new offer would make possible, I slowly saw, at first dimly and then more clearly, that I could not accept it. I could not have told then, with explicit reasons, precisely *why* I could not take this generous provision. I saw my way only as migrating birds see their way, but I *felt* the line of direction grow steadily more and more plain. Again and again in my life I have had something surge into my consciousness, some guiding

light break in, when momentous decisions have had to be made. One may call it "an opening," or "an inner light" or "a Socratic *daimon,*" or "the deeper accumulated wisdom of the subconscious life," or by any other name that is current. Dim lines of light appear in the darkness and as I wait quietly centered down into communion with the deeper Life within me *I see the way to go.*

Before the night was over I was convinced that I should not study law and that that profession was not to be my career. It did not mean that it was not a worthy career; only that some other line of life was better *for me.* I knew when I finished my meditation and inward travail that the course I was taking was what my Aunt Peace far away in my Maine home would strongly approve, and, at moments in the quiet, I could almost hear by telepathy her counsel urging me in the direction in which I felt myself going. With what wisdom of phrase I could command I wrote my generous friend and told him that I was unable to accept his offer, and that my mind was unexpectedly moving in a different direction for my career in life. I may conclude the incident by saying that we became more close than ever in our appreciation of one another and our friendship lasted without a flaw or break until his death.

Before leaving the subject of historical research, I should like to point out that this piece of work for my Master's degree, while not in the narrow sense productive of practical results as I had expected, has proven to be one of the most fruitful of all my preparations for life. Sound education is both life itself and preparation for more life. A distinguished statesman once said, "There is one thing more important than making a living, and that is making a life." Few things are more emphatically true than that. My work in history has been its own reward, and besides that through the years it has been a constant contributory factor in my life. A large part of my literary work has involved historical knowledge and the use of the historical method. I have been engaged all my life with the historical aspects of great spiritual movements. All my teaching has followed the historical method. I always deal with philosophy as it has historically unfolded. I have for years given a course on the Development of Christian Thought. I have written the story of mystical movements. I have recovered much of the lost and forgotten struggles of the spiritual reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I have written the history of Quakerism in the American colonies. I have written the history of heresy in *The Church's Debt to Heretics.* I have worked all my later years

on the background and development of George Fox's life and labors, and when my dear friend John Wilhelm Rowntree passed away, leaving his prospective history of Quakerism hardly begun, I took up his unfinished work and, with the immense assistance of William Charles Braithwaite, carried it through, after sixteen years of labor, to completion. None of these things could have been done without that preparatory work in history which was originally undertaken as a somewhat narrow practical expedient. No genuine form or type of mental culture is ever wasted or abortive labor. It fits in somewhere and ministers to the total whole of a person's life.

One other choice during this final year of my undergraduate period had even more far-reaching effects on my later life and work. A part of the requirement for a Bachelor's degree was the preparation of a graduating thesis which, in case one were elected as an orator, was publicly delivered on Commencement Day, our rather happily chosen American name for the last day of college life. I talked my thesis subject over at great length with my wise counselor, Pliny Chase. He suggested "Mysticism and its Exponents" as my subject, and I eagerly welcomed his suggestion. Here, then, was another piece of interesting historical research. I took it up with much enthusiasm and read almost

everything our library could offer. In those days Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics,* with all its faults and shortcomings, was the best work in English for my purpose, and I read it and re-read it. I used Karl Schmidt's French and German studies on John Tauler and the fourteenth-century mystics, and Karl Schmidt from the first became one of my guides. Tauler was my central character, and once more I worked out my early hero theory of history. I find this sentence in my thesis: "Now and then a man is born with a prophetic soul, who speaks and the world listens, who commands and the world obeys; and this is why the history of so many periods may be resolved into the biography of one man, who has been the master spirit and inspirer of his age." There are some passages in the thesis which I have quite emphatically outgrown, but I am surprised at the number of ideas and insights in that old thesis which have remained with me still live and vital until the present time.

It is, however, in most ways unimportant now whether the thesis was on right lines or on wrong lines; the significant point to note is that I had here found the field of my life work. Hereafter all my reading and thinking and research work bore directly or indirectly on some phase of mysticism. Everything carried me on in this direction and many features of my later life,

up to the present moment, have been determined by that early decision to write a graduating thesis on Mysticism.

Not the least interesting effect of this piece of research was the discovery I then made that the Quaker movement, which had seemed like a small and provincial affair, was larger and more significant than I had dreamed. I found everywhere in my mystics of the ages traces of the same type of faith and experience that came to fresh birth in George Fox and that had influenced me in the saints and heroes of my childhood home and early Christian community. I learned a new meaning to the words, "the Communion of Saints." I saw the walls of my own little Society expand and take into fellowship the larger and wider group of those who through the centuries had lived by the Spirit and had seen the day-star rise in their hearts. It strangely adds dignity and power to one's life to realize that one belongs to and is part of a mighty apostolic succession, a succession not through visible hands but an invisible ordination.

My college years mark an expansion of horizon that had no corresponding parallel in any similar term of years before that time, but it is most notable that I was all the time traveling in a direction previously mapped out. I found what I was looking for, I advanced on a way already prepared for by previous

steps. I sometimes reversed earlier expectations, but only because deeper tendencies unconsciously growing within me made these "expectations" no longer fit my new lines of life.

I am convinced, as I look back, that there were many occasions in that dynamic period when I was the recipient of Light and Leading above and beyond any wisdom of my own. I had no ecstatic experiences, I was subject to no miraculous-seeming revelations. No sharp break occurred in the unfolding steps of a normal and ordinary life. I could not have said: "Here and here an angel of God met me in the road or wrestled with me in the dark." I have few epoch-dates to record and no single Damascus vision. What I do feel sure of, however, is a frequent influx of divine life and power—the warm and intimate touch of a guiding Hand. I somehow felt all through those college years that I was being *prepared for something.* There was a dim but growing consciousness of mission.

The certainty of God as the stupendous fact of the Universe was steadily rising in my soul. My invincible optimism was born out of that conviction. I have been told that my fundamental disposition made me an optimist. I have also been told that the optimistic trait was a product of good health. Well, the facts are that I had a very difficult early disposition, so that my main

fight has been with that stubborn old disposition; and, in the second place, I have always been dogged with indigestion, asthmatic troubles and physical handicaps. I do not believe that I was *born* an optimist. It is the slowly fructifying product of a deep-lying faith in a loving and victorious God. I finished college not on "the shining tablelands to which our God Himself is moon and sun," but with my feet on the road toward that tableland. I could at least say "Abba, Father," and I could live henceforth confident that Love works, and works triumphantly, at the Heart of Things.

CHAPTER X

AT THE CROSSROADS ONCE MORE

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

—ROBERT FROST

I HAVE purposely omitted a multitude of important facts and events in my college period, as I have

endeavored to select only incidents and features in direct bearing on the development of my life in its spiritual significance. My classmates and college friends not only then but ever since have had a profound influence on the character and course of my life, although it is not possible to pick out or trace, with vividness and distinctness, the lines of their shaping influence as one can do, for instance, with such a person as Pliny Chase. Some of the outstanding men in my class were Augustus T. Murray, now one of the leading classical scholars in the country and a powerful interpreter of spiritual religion; Dr. Theodore Richards of Harvard, one of the foremost chemists in the world; Dr. Joseph L. Markley, professor of mathematics in the University of Michigan; Enos L. Doan, a creative educator whose career was all too early cut short by death; William S. Hilles of Wilmington, Delaware, sound scholar and excellent public speaker, who was to become the leader of the bar in his State; and Logan Pearsall-Smith, who left Haverford at the end of his second year for an Oxford education and later a distinguished literary career in England. It took us a long time to become assimilated and united as a class, for we were from many sections of the country, strongly individualistic in character, and five of us from New England had entered the class at the beginning of the

second year, somewhat as "immigrants" or "half-breeds." Gradually we were woven together into a fine fellowship, and I had the great joy to be chosen to receive the "spoon" from my class at the end of our common life together as the mark and symbol of their united appreciation, love and affection. A small group of us had formed the practice of taking a walk, about once a week, into some part of that beautiful Pennsylvania country surrounding Haverford, so that during three years we had explored almost every nook and corner of the environing regions. We were good, robust walkers, we were lovers of the scenery, we were seekers after historic sites and localities, and best of all we were forming on these trips the bonds of an intimate and lasting friendship.

It seems to me a misfortune to grow up in a world overrun with automobiles. It is, to be sure, easy to go where one wishes and to go quickly, but at the same time one misses most of the scenery and all of the minute things that catch the eye and ear of the walker. The fellowship, too, is very different in an automobile party from that free and easy exchange of best thoughts and richest humor that bubble out from a group of walkers. I have never seen any better exercise or any better camaraderie than we had on those glorious cross-country walks forty-odd years ago. We

discovered the gorgeous valley of the Wissahickon. We often followed Mill Creek to its junction with the Schuylkill. We wandered over the glorious wooded hills to Merion Square, perched on a sightly tableland, and we usually stopped on the way for a swim in Dove's Pond, near the old "haunted house." We explored all the old Quaker meeting houses in the region, and we could have guided the Daughters of the Revolution to most of the scenes of Washington's movements during the famous year of Valley Forge. On one of our trips we came upon old Radnor Meeting House. We found the door open and we all filed in and sat down in the ministers' gallery. The room was as dark as Egypt, for all the shutters were closed. I rose and began to improvise a Minute of "Radnor Monthly Meeting of Friends." Suddenly there came a sepulchral voice out of the Cimmerian darkness at the back of the room, which said: "It is time to close the meeting!" We did not stay on the order of our going, but we vacated the house with a *sauve qui peut* speed of departure. We found afterwards that the janitor sometimes went on a drunk, which he slept off in the meeting house. We had roused him from a drunken slumber.

I came back from college to my old home at South China, Maine, not knowing what was next to "emerge,"

as the biologists say. I knew that I was "going somewhere," but, like Abraham, I did not know *whither.* Soon after I reached home and was girding myself to help harvest the hay on our farm, I received, most unexpectedly, the offer of a graduate fellowship in history from the University of Pennsylvania. I felt almost certain that I should accept it and go forward with my historical studies. Professor Edmund James and John Bach McMaster were the two men with whom I should have worked, one in political science and the other in American history. The next morning after this letter came from Professor Edmund James, an unknown lady drove to the door and announced herself as associate principal of Oakwood Seminary, a Quaker boarding school located at Union Springs, New York. She had come from her summer home, twenty miles from us, to offer me a position as teacher in the Seminary. She pictured the attractions of the place on Lake Cayuga, twenty-five miles north of Cornell University. She vividly described the significance of the service which I could render to this body of promising students. She reminded me of the splendid men who had come to Haverford from this Seminary. She reserved to the last the rather negative fact that the salary would be three hundred dollars and my board! It was evident that I was not to be overawed and swept

away by the glittering appeal of financial considerations!

Here was an alternative to my historical work in the University of Pennsylvania. It was another one of those crossroads in life where one road must be chosen and the other left, and there were no visible guideboards to show the right way. To make matters still more difficult, my visitor said that she must have a definite answer the next day! I have seldom faced a harder decision. It was once more, not merely a choice of occupation for a year, but the selection of a course and direction of life. One course would carry me off into fields of research quite out of connection and relation with my deep religious interests, and the other, in spite of its feeble financial appeal, would take me deeper in toward the springs of the spiritual life, would introduce me to a new Quaker fellowship and would develop my capacity as a teacher and an interpreter. This time I had Aunt Peace close at hand to help me to find my path. She of course leaned strongly toward the teaching position. She knew nothing of universities or university careers. But she saw straight as a line of light the effect on me of teaching in a Quaker school. She knew that it would develop my germinating ministry. She felt sure that it would mean significant service and lead on to more. She could see

me in this field, growing in the direction in which she wanted me to grow. As for the other course, it lay before her dark and mysterious.

I do not know how much her influence counted in my final decision. It was probably a powerful weight, for I felt her wisdom to be something more than human wisdom. But once more as I settled down into the quiet to decide this issue of life and to pick out my road I felt a line of guidance break forth out of the dark. There were no visible guideposts, as I have said, but gradually I could see a pointing finger. This was another one of those transparent moments when I seemed to see the invisible. The line of quick and obvious advantage lay on one side, and the harder, steeper, slower path lay on the other side. I could feel my mind oscillate from one to the other and then back again. But gradually, just as one's eyes grow accustomed to the dark and one begins to see objects emerge from the gloom and become defined, so I seemed to see through the walls of the dark present and catch glimpses of the possible future that attracted me. I knew that, in real fact, I was choosing not so much a piece of work as *the kind of person I was going to be,* and that consciousness dominated the decision. It is of course what always happens whenever we select a deed which we propose to do, or whenever we choose

a path of life, or when we pick out one event amid the rivalry of other possible events. The trouble is that usually we visualize only the concrete fact or event which occupies the focus of our attention, but sometimes, in rare moments, we see beyond the fact or the event, and catch a glimpse of the self we are shaping through our choice. That is what I saw that momentous night of my choice. I felt pretty clear that I preferred the kind of self that would grow out of the year of teaching in a Quaker school—and I took the three hundred dollars.

There is no question in my mind now but that I made the right decision. One never knows, of course, whither the unchosen path would have led, nor what effects would have followed if one had taken the alternative in a dual conflict of issues. I can only say in retrospect that the work I chose carried me steadily forward in the direction in which I was moving during the years at Haverford. All my higher spiritual interests were quickened while I was teaching in Union Springs. I taught all the Greek in the school, part of the Latin, all of the German, I had a class in surveying, a class in astronomy and one in zoölogy, and I fully earned my three hundred dollars! But never before in any year had I learned so much as I did this year. Every fact and every truth took on a new aspect as I

labored to interpret fact and truth to the keen minds of my students. Some of them were as old or even older than I was, and we became companions not only in work but also in the sailboat on the lake and in the glorious walks that abound in that region.

I found the Quaker meeting to which our students went a fresh and stimulating influence. Our principal, Elijah Cook, was a virile character, with strong moral and spiritual leadership, and his addresses were straightforward and practical. Elizabeth Comstock, once a famous Quaker, had settled here in her old age and was still a powerful minister. She was English born and bred, but she had lived most of her life in America and had attained a national reputation both within and beyond the Society of Friends. Her preaching was evangelical rather than mystical, but her depth of experience and her native humor gave a charm and interest to all she said. A remarkable sister was living with her, named Lydia Rouse. She had been governess for a long period of years in John Bright's family and for many years after that she had been head mistress of the Mount School for girls in York, England. She was a woman of unusual gifts and graces. She had a rich and rare spirit and a wide range of culture, with a beautiful quality of refinement. I always had supper with them on Saturday evenings, and after supper I read

poetry to them while they knitted or sewed. After I had read "In Memoriam" to them, Lydia Rouse asked me to read Browning's "Saul." No one before had ever told me of it and I had not stumbled on it in my reading. As I read it I saw its marvelous meaning break through the beautiful scenes of the poem, and I felt as I walked home somewhat as David did after the great insights of his soul had broken through his music. From that time on the companionship of these two noble women counted greatly in my life.

I was, meantime, speaking occasionally in the meeting and I felt now and then a clear, fresh message open up in my mind as we sat together in the silence. My desultory reading always followed the lines of my growing spiritual interests. I found an excellent private library in the home of my friend Robert Howland, who with his wife held a prominent place in the meeting at Union Springs. My main reading, outside what I did for my classes, was quite naturally in American history, in preparation for my final examination in June and in order to gather further material for my Master's thesis. But I had formed many lines of interest which I could not drop even though my days were crowded with work and duties. I went on reading the mystics. I continued with Carlyle and George Eliot. I read a great deal of Schiller and Goethe in

German, and I continued to read the great English poets.

One item of a lighter vein may be told about the meeting at Union Springs. One day a distinguished visiting minister from another section of the country came to meeting. He held "new" views and was a Quaker "innovator." He rose in this somewhat conservative group and gave a very emotional address, punctuated with vigorous gestures. He ended with an impassioned appeal for converts. He said finally, frantically waving his hands, "I do not know what to do with you. I call on you to stand up to show your colors, to come and be saved, to testify to your faith, and you do nothing—you sit unmoved." Suddenly Susannah Howland, tall, stately and dignified, rose directly in front of him and turning to face him said: "We own no *man* as master in this meeting!" For perhaps the only time in his life the speaker was so taken by surprise that he could think of absolutely nothing to say in rebuttal!

I have put down thus far in these pages almost nothing of my friendship with women. It is not a subject for garrulity. I have selected two elderly women for especial mention, but there were also younger ones whose lives counted for very much with me and whose friendship was a joy and fragrance in

my life. Already at Haverford I had formed some very happy friendships of this sort, and new ones were formed during this year of teaching. I cannot refer to those persons of the opposite sex who have dignified my life and ennobled my ideals by their friendship without a sense of wonder and thanksgiving. There are dangers which beset one who forms a number of such intimate friendships, and it calls for the utmost care and discretion, for purity of purpose and frankness of speech. But I have always believed that persons who are high-minded and pure-minded can maintain intimate friendships without causing misunderstanding and without desiring anything but the friendship itself. Friendship is one of the most beautiful and noble arts of life. It calls for gifts and sacrifices as all difficult arts do. It can flourish at high levels only where unselfishness prevails, and it glorifies and exalts human character more than does anything else in the world except the truest form of married love, and love may either rise above or it may equally well fall below friendship. But in any case, when love is really born and that new altitude which goes beyond friendship comes forth clearly and unmistakably, there should be no *division* in the soul's allegiance. There must be no alternatives, no separating rivalries. He who loves must center his affection unwaveringly and undeviatingly. He must love *one* and cleave to her with a steady loyalty.

I had become a great admirer of Goethe and was finding in his writings a new door to the larger world. But as I came to know his life and character, I was shocked to find how often in his passion and selfishness he used "love" as a means of gratification and not as an end in itself. He wrecked lives with little compunction and drew upon these pathetic experiences for the dramatic material of his most moving scenes. It seemed to me the most appalling form of "vivisection" ever known—the vivisection of a soul. He watched the quivering emotions of a breaking heart and then embalmed the tragedy in immortal words. I revolted from this selfishness and cruelty—and resolved that in all my relations with others I would respect in every way the sacred rights and claims of personality. I vowed that I would never *experiment* with a human heart or take advantage of anyone's friendly interest in me. I have tried from my early youth to be faithful to that vow.

Once during my year at Union Springs I went for a short visit to Haverford. For the last time on earth I saw Pliny Chase and had much intercourse with him, little expecting that I was having my last opportunity of converse and discussion with one who had become for me the incarnation of all that was truest and highest and best. I began, too, on this visit a new friendship with another remarkable person, Dr. James E. Rhoads,

who was then just starting on his career as first president of Bryn Mawr College. I had watched each college building go up while I was at Haverford and from the birth of the new college I felt a profound interest in its development and in its future progress. I little realized as I sat in his study and listened to Dr. Rhoads how much his life was later to mean to me, or what an intimate connection I myself was to have some day in the growth and evolution of that remarkable institution.

When the year closed at school and I took account of stock, I still had the most of my three hundred dollars, for I had hardly spent any of it; and besides that I had a large new line of assets. I had learned how to teach effectively. I had acquired confidence in the presence of a class. I had found out by practice, although I shall never know the mystery of the method of it, how to impart and communicate truth to others. I had discovered a *gift of interpretation.* I had learned in some degree the art of discipline. I felt at home with students' problems, and I could simply and naturally share myself with the students themselves. There was still much unconquered territory, but I had already won some ground.

CHAPTER XI

WANDERJAHRE—OVERSEAS

BEFORE finishing the year at Union Springs, my eyes began to cause me trouble and anxiety. They had never been quite right while I was in college, and they should undoubtedly have had the care of an expert oculist, but no one advised me to have them examined and I had the usual rural attitude of not consulting a doctor until the case has grown desperate! I did finally consult an oculist in Philadelphia on the occasion of my visit there from Union Springs, but I got no improvement as a result of it, and I hastily concluded that I was likely to suffer the rest of my life from inflamed lids and from strained vision. I felt my eyes hurting all the time. Unable to read in the evening and often subject to suffering when I read continuously in daylight, it occurred to me that I might go abroad for a year, rest my overtaxed eyes, see the scenes of interest and the beautiful creations of Europe, cultivate my mind and spirit by intercourse, learn what I could of French and German by conversation—I already knew fairly well the grammar of both languages—meet some of

the European interpreters of mysticism, and, if possible, hear some university lectures. My best counselors encouraged this plan. It had the approval of Pliny Chase, of my Uncle Eli, of Aunt Peace, and it received the strong support of my cousin Richard M. Jones, head master of the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. He was twenty years older than I was and seemed to me a mentor of wisdom. I hardly knew how I could finance the year's trip, but I had the confidence of youth that what ought to be done could be done.

Soon after my return to Maine for the summer I was invited to spend a week in the beautiful and hospitable home of Hannah J. Bailey of Winthrop, twenty miles from my home. She was a Friend of distinction and she enjoyed filling her capacious house with guests during the summer vacation period. She called me into her study one day, as I was about to leave for my home, and said that she understood that I was thinking of spending a year abroad. She thereupon of her own accord proposed to loan to me, on very easy terms, sufficient funds for the expenses of the year's trip. I accepted her generous offer and had the satisfaction of paying the full amount of the loan back to her the year after my return from Europe. It was my custom for the rest of her life to spend, if possible, a week

each summer in that delightful Winthrop home. We supposed in those days that she was very rich. Not far from her home there was a pond that was believed by some of the natives to be bottomless. One man proved one day that the pond actually had no bottom. He was fishing on the pond from a boat. He reached down with his fishing-pole the full length of it into the water and then he gave it a downward thrust with all his might and it never came back, which was to him proof positive that there was no bottom down there! Somewhat so in our naïveté we believed there was no end to this dear woman's financial resources. Anyway, she pretty thoroughly exhausted the supply. She gave liberally to "causes." She helped many boys and girls to an education, and when she finished her shining career there was not much left.

To my great joy I received a letter from my cousin and former college roommate, Charles Jacob, saying that he would go abroad with me, or at least would join me in France. It seemed like a shaft of light from heaven, for there was no one in the world who could be for me a better companion of travel than this cousin-brother. I sailed from New York near the end of August, on one of the ships of the old State Line, to Glasgow. It was a one-class steamer of about eight thousand tons and I got a good cabin passage on it for

forty dollars! My enthusiasm and my enjoyment of the ocean passage knew no bounds. Seven years before I had for the first time seen the inside of railroad cars, and now here I was on my way to Europe with a good background of history, literature and language to enable me to appreciate the experiences which lay before me. It would be absurd to load this narrative with accounts of travel, now only a dim retrospect of a long-dead past. The pictures which still hang on the walls of memory are interesting only for the one who can light them from inside with his own first-hand appreciation of what they meant to an enthusiastic youth forty years ago. I shall dwell only on persons and events that had a shaping influence upon my central aims and ideals. The incidents of travel shall remain a dim memory.

I spent a week in Scotland, having my home, as a point of departure and return, with a dear Quaker lady in Glasgow named Mary White, who had traveled extensively in America. All the plans for my entertainment in each section of Great Britain had been made in advance by my Uncle Eli, whose name proved everywhere to be an open sesame into beautiful homes. I spent only a single night in a hotel during the month or more that I was in Great Britain; that was in Edinburgh. I saw, what most tourists and travelers never

see, the home life of the people, their family customs, their habits and methods, their spontaneous kindness and warmth; and, what for me was no less important, I had the opportunity of entering intimately into their religious life and their way of worship. I passed a week visiting Friends in Manchester. I was entertained in York by Fielden Thorp, then head-master of Bootham School. He was my guide over York Minster, which was one of my greatest experiences in England. Cathedrals had appealed in advance to my imagination more than any other creations of genius. Lowell's "Cathedral" and Whittier's description in "Tauler" of the Gothic miracle at Strasbourg had cast a spell over me, and I was ready to rise to the full height of joy and appreciation as I walked under the mighty arches and thrilled over the glorious windows of one of England's noblest and most ancient minsters. I have visited York fifteen times and each time I have had a period of joy in this wonderful structure, whose thirteenth centennial is just now being celebrated as I write. I had, too, my first Quaker Meeting in York, my first contact with Friends there who have since become a part of my life. I went on to Ackworth, the earliest of the great Quaker boarding schools of England, where Frederick Andrews was beginning his long career as head master. From there I went to Rochdale to visit John Bright. I

had a letter of introduction from Lydia Rouse and one from Uncle Eli, either one of which would have brought up his portcullis to me. He said, as he warmly greeted me, "Any person who comes to my door with the recommendation of Lydia Rouse and Eli Jones is a twice welcome guest in my home." I spent an entire day with him and he talked as an old man full of years and great experiences should talk with a young man whose greatest assets were hope and vision. He talked much of his two favorite poets, Milton and Whittier, and he told me how the English of Milton and the Bible of the King James translators had been the models of his English and his speeches. He gave me many reminiscences out of his rich life and he showed a most friendly interest in my own slowly shaping plans for the future. He vigorously attacked James G. Blaine and the whole tariff system of the Republican Party. Fresh from my studies in American politics, and still loyal to the "Plumed Knight," as Blaine had been called during his last campaign, I warmed up to the debate and stood my ground against the Great Commoner. He defeated me and beat me thoroughly at every point, though it took the perspective of time and reflection to convince me of it and to make me admit it. I came away in the evening feeling that I had spent the day with the greatest living Quaker and

that my whole inner life had been enriched by the day's intimate talk with this unique man.

I had a week-end in Birmingham in the delightful home that has since become the Rendel Harris Library of Woodbrooke. I went to Edgbaston to see the home of my revered Quaker hero, Joseph Sturge; I spent a day of course at Stratford-on-Avon, and I came back to Birmingham for the Quaker Meeting at Bull Street on Sunday. It was a great solemn gathering, like the ones I knew in Philadelphia. Sometime during the silence I rose, trembling, to speak. It was the first time I ever spoke in public in England. My message has been long forgotten by everyone, including myself. I only remember that I began with the remark, "Since sitting in this meeting I have been thinking . . ." and then I went on to give the thought that had risen in my mind. When Meeting ended, an elderly Friend in plain Quaker garb came up, touched me on the shoulder and asked me to come aside with him. When we were alone, he said, "I was grieved at what thou said in meeting. Thou said that since sitting in this meeting thou hadst been thinking. Thou shouldst not have been thinking!" Here I was getting from my ancient Friend an extreme form of Quaker mysticism, the old type of eighteenth-century quietism, the aim of which was to center down into a state beyond words or

thought, in a pure rapt concentration of meditation. My Birmingham hosts told me not to mind the "eldering" I had received, as this Friend expressed only his own peculiar views; but I have always been thankful that he faithfully gave me his point of view.

I had ten wonderful days in London, with two weeks more on my return from the Continent. I saw what an American traveler usually sees, but I saw much of it differently from the tourist. I had as guide for a part of the time William Charles Braithwaite, then a young man of about twenty-three. He knew the city and he knew his English history and the literary sites and associations. He was to become in later life my co-laborer in Quaker history, my companion in tramps and travels, and one of my closest friends. I had interesting and valuable visits in the home of his distinguished father, J. Bevan Braithwaite, often in those days called the "Quaker Bishop," a walking encyclopedia of patristic knowledge and a gifted minister who had traveled widely in Europe and America. He presented me with his very rare copy of *Minucius Felix,* and he solemnly kissed me and gave me his benediction and encouragement. I visited a number of Quaker homes in the London circle and had a real initiation into the Quaker life and activities of the great metropolis.

Before I left London I had an important interview with Charles Tylor, then venerable with years, who had been formerly editor of the London *Friend,* and who was author of *Early Church History* and the *Story of the Camisards.* He strongly urged me to spend some of my time in the South of France, visiting the French Quakers and learning to know that interesting part of the world.

My cousin joined me in London and we decided to get well started in our French, and then to go to Nîmes for a part of the winter. We took up our living quarters with a Protestant pastor, where we spoke French with the family and, by solemn agreement, spoke only French when we were alone together. The only exception occurred when I had an ulcerated tooth. We learned rapidly and greatly enjoyed our life and work. I had one experience during this period which may be worthy of a place here, though it was too fleeting and elusive for me to catch and hold it. I was on a solitary walk, absorbed with my thoughts about the meaning and purpose of my life, wondering whether I should ever get myself organized and brought under the control and direction of some constructive central purpose of life, when I felt the walls between the visible and the invisible suddenly grow thin, and I was conscious of a definite mission of life opening out before me.

I saw stretch before me an unfolding of labor in the realm of mystical religion, almost as clearly as Francis heard himself called at St. Damiens to "repair the Church." I remember kneeling down alone in a beautiful forest glade and dedicating myself then and there in the quiet and silence, but in the presence of an invading Life, to the work of interpreting the deeper nature of the soul and its relation with God. "I made no vows, but vows were then made for me." This experience, which had a lasting influence, however shadowy, and which lifted me on a little nearer to a discovery of my path, occurred not far from a picturesque town in the foothills of the Alps, named Dieu-le-fit, which means "God-made-it," and I like to believe that there was something more than my own *human* striving and effort, something that God did in this event which occurred within me.

Not long after this experience I went on to Nîmes, leaving my cousin at Dieu-le-fit, and settled in the home of Jules Paradon, the leading Friend in France. The little group of Quakers in this region, of whom there were at the time about sixty, owed their early origin to a few persons known as *Inspirés,* who came out of the stormy strivings of the *Camisards* of the Cevennes, in the seventeenth century. They took up a form of worship in silence, and their leaders spoke only as they

felt moved or "inspired." They declined to use force, or to fight, or to kill, and they underwent, as they were bound to do, a long series of sufferings for their faith and their novel practices. They were discovered by English Friends during the French Revolution, and they were often visited by traveling ministers from England and America. At the time of my visit a Friends' boarding school for girls was maintained in Nîmes for French and English girls. The Quaker Meeting in Nîmes was held in this school and I frequently spoke brief messages in these meetings on Sunday morning. I decided to visit all the French Friends in their homes and to make a study of the origin and development of the little *Societé des Amis.* They were grouped mainly in four localities, Nîmes, Congénies, Fontanés and St. Giles. I went the rounds of these groups at least twice, had most happy fellowship with these Quaker families and gradually learned to speak fairly fluent French with them.

There is an interesting medieval church in St. Giles, rich in legends and ancient miracles. The curé of it, a good Roman Catholic scholar and antiquarian, was my guide when I visited the famous church. As I was leaving, he asked me to buy a copy of his history of the church. I told him I would buy it and read it if he would promise to read a Quaker book which I would

send him. "Are you a Quaker?" he eagerly asked, and when I said that I was one, he embraced me and kissed both my cheeks, after the French manner. I found that a French Quaker had been very kind to him and had touched his heart. I sent him the life of the French Quaker, Stephen Grellet (Etiènne de Grellet), which he read with enthusiasm and for which he sent warm thanks.

While I was living at Nîmes in the winter of 1886-7 news came of the death of my beloved teacher, Pliny E. Chase. It was one of the great losses of my life, for he had become a part of the necessary air I breathed. I could hardly think of Haverford without him and it was difficult to think of the world going on just the same with that noble life no longer visible in it. I found one relief in the feeling that his beautiful life added a new evidence to my faith in immortality. It was far easier to believe in *his* immortality than it was to believe in a terminus for his being. It seemed impossible that there should be "conservation of matter" and "conservation of energy" but not conservation of such a precious thing as his pure and spiritually refined personality. A friend of mine once told me that when he went to hear Professor Wundt lecture in Leipzig, his first thought was that Wundt's face was the greatest argument for God he had ever seen. So, too, I felt

that Pliny Chase's life was an unanswerable argument for eternal life. In one of our meetings at Haverford he preached a remarkable sermon on the text, "At eventime there shall be light." It was during that extraordinary period when a volcanic eruption had filled the upper air with fine lava dust which the setting sun every night turned into a blaze of glory. As usual the sermon dealt with an interesting and profound account of the actual phenomena which we were all beholding. Then he passed over from the outward world to the deeper world within the visible one and set forth the processes which build the soul of man into spiritual beauty and radiance. The lava-dust sunsets at eventime of which he had spoken were in this hour of our loss a suggestive parable to us of his translation from a life of visible beauty to that immortal beauty which comes forth when God's name is written forever on the forehead of a triumphant person.

When this visit among the *Inspirés* was over my cousin and I went to Geneva, where we settled down to intensive work on our French. We made many friends in Geneva, took extensive walks, speaking French with our companions of travel, and we had the advantage which comes from living in a large, refined family. In our family circle lived a very remarkable Swiss girl named Mlle. Rappin. She had been born

without arms and had by necessity trained herself to do what seemed impossible things with her feet. She was about twenty-one, with a broad education and with fine culture in all things esthetic, and she was training herself at the time of our visit to be an artist. She walked with us, entertained us evenings and greatly furthered our French as well as adding immensely to our enjoyment. She became in the course of time the foremost portrait painter in Switzerland. I have often wished that I might once more see this charming person who was so genuine, so natural, so simple and so friendly with us in those far-off days.

While I was in Nîmes, I had become acquainted with a delightful French lady, named Madame Sabatier. I happened to tell her one day that I was expecting on my journey north to visit Professor Karl Schmidt in Strasbourg, to talk with him about my future work on mysticism. She at once became deeply interested and said that she had a son Paul who was at that moment studying with Karl Schmidt in the University of Strasbourg. She wrote me a note of introduction to her son. Having finished my allotted time in Geneva, I decided to go on to Heidelberg for the spring term in the University. I arranged to stop on the way and see Paul Sabatier and to visit the famous historian of fourteenth-century mysticism, now an old man, rich in knowledge

and also in experience of God. Paul Sabatier was just finishing his university studies and had not yet made his fame, but I soon discovered, as we talked together, that I was with a most remarkable person. He was already beginning to study St. Francis and he had himself become profoundly interested in the inner way of life. We went together to visit Professor Schmidt, who gave me much help and still more inspiration, so that the Strasbourg visit, with my two new-found spiritual guides and my first sight of the long-loved Cathedral, that medieval miracle built by "the wise Irwin of Steinbach," left ineffaceable memories behind as I traveled on toward Heidelberg.

Only one feature of this Heidelberg period can be dealt with here, though I must add in passing that it proved to be one of the happiest times in my life, as I was in the midst of a new group of friends and I felt each day that I was making real progress in the way of life. I was entertained on my arrival by the leading Lutheran minister in the city, an old man mature in years and ripe in spiritual experience, who found me a permanent home in Heidelberg. He invited me to spend my Sundays in his family and he helped me immensely to make the right contacts with people in Heidelberg. I soon found that Professor Kuno Fischer was the outstanding personality in the city. All my

new friends advised me to take his courses in philosophy. With fear and trembling lest my German be unequal to the strain, I called on the great man one day and made the arrangements to hear his lectures for the coming term. Meantime, I was driving my German night and day with expert helpers. Kuno Fischer was reputed to be, at the time, the most perfect lecturer in Germany, as he was also one of the foremost scholars. I was able to follow almost every word of his first lecture and I soon felt at home on the front row in his large lecture room.

It was a rare privilege to hear those perfect masterpieces of lecturing day after day and to have the supreme thinkers in the ancient and modern world interpreted with such lucidity and at the same time with such profound insight. These lectures settled for good and all my allegiance to philosophy. I had strayed off into the field of history and for a time I seemed likely to make history my major work, but after I had followed Kuno Fischer a few weeks I knew that philosophy was to claim me henceforth—"for this was I born." My interest in mysticism had been steadily growing and deepening, and now I saw that the best approach to an understanding of this great human experience was to be found in philosophy and psychology. One of my courses with Kuno Fischer was

devoted to Goethe and Schiller. I was, in connection with it, reading *Faust, Dichtung und Wahrheit*, Eckermann's *Gespräche mit Goethe*, and Schiller's Wallenstein cycle of dramas, and I was finding here new insights into the deeper nature of the soul and a tremendous increase of interest in the profound interior aspects of German life and literature.

When I finished Fischer's courses and went on to Paris for my final work in French, I had my mind already made up to turn henceforth to the study of man's inner life and the spiritual ground and foundation of the universe. I should logically, no doubt, have gone forthwith to Harvard for the immediate completion of my studies in philosophy, but while in Heidelberg I had received the offer of an excellent position as teacher in my old school at Providence, under my cousin Augustine, and I accepted it as the wisest opening for the present. I had found in Heidelberg a German eye expert who quickly discovered my trouble, fitted me with the right glasses and gave me the capacity for almost unlimited reading. From now on, whatever else was my ostensible line of work, my secondary pursuit was always philosophy and psychology —and my trail was pretty clear.

CHAPTER XII

A NEW CREATION

For the next six years I was a schoolmaster, but I was fully settled in my mind that it was only a question of time when I should be occupied with the central problems of philosophy, ethics and religion—especially with mystical religion. I feel confident that I never slighted my work as a teacher in order to get time for my other interest. I have never done anything consciously with *a divided mind.* I believe that I was *a whole man* in my teaching, but I was all the time reading and studying philosophy and getting ready for any opportunity which might offer for further university study. My teaching in itself had great deepening and expansive effects upon me and my associations during this period were of immense value.

During the two years in Providence my most intimate friends were George A. Barton and Walter S. Meader, fellow teachers. We were extremely congenial and we had many common intellectual and religious interests. It was through George Barton that I first came to read A. V. G. Allen's illuminating book, *The Continuity of*

Christian Thought, which has had a most important influence on my development, certainly more so than any other book in the early stages of my life. It was through him, too, that I went to hear Phillips Brooks preach, and *that* proved to be in every sense an epoch. Such preaching I have never heard before nor since, nor have I found in any other preacher in any generation a more satisfactory interpretation of Christianity.

Walter Meader and I read poetry, usually Browning, together many evenings far into the night. "The Ring and the Book" became at this time an indissoluble part of my life and thought. "Blougram's Apology," "Cleon," "A Death in the Desert" and many another of Browning's great poetic interpretations of life laid deep hold upon me as this dear friend and I read out loud in turn.

It was during my first year at Providence that I spent a memorable day with John Greenleaf Whittier, to be compared only with my day at John Bright's home. I was planning at the time to write the life of my Uncle and Aunt, Eli and Sybil Jones. I asked Whittier if he would write an introduction to my proposed volume. He very kindly responded by inviting me to spend a day with him at "Oak Knoll," Danvers, to talk over the project. The poet was far advanced in years and in very delicate health, but rich in spiritual insight and

full of the best of wisdom—wisdom of a heavenly order. He felt unable to prepare the introduction, but he gave me much light and help on my first literary adventure. We talked a great deal of the past and future of Quakerism. He was very dubious about the prevailing Quaker tendencies of the day and urged me, as a young man, to stand for the great primitive lines of our faith, as in fact I was prone to do. He was extremely keen in his interest in mysticism and I found that he possessed a wide knowledge of mystical movements, in fact was a mystic himself. He gave me some intimate reminiscences of his visits with Emerson, and he talked much with me of my two favorite American writers, Lowell and Emerson.

At the close of this school year—in the summer of 1888—I was married to Sarah Hawkeshurst Coutant of Ardonia, New York. It was a beautiful union and, though destined to be short as measured by "clock-time," it has through all the successive years colored and hallowed my life. She was highly gifted with grace and with excellent mental qualities, and she had with these traits very unusual practical gifts which were revealed through everything her hands touched. During the first summer of our married life, which was spent at what is now the Moses Brown School, where I was left in charge while the principal was abroad, I

wrote my first book, *Eli and Sybil Jones—their Life and Work,* which was published by Porter and Coates of Philadelphia.

The two years in Providence brought me much fresh life and growing light. I had many opportunities for public speaking in the school and elsewhere, though I was still timid and lacked fluency of expression, which nothing could conquer except constant practice. I was extremely happy in my relations with my pupils and I felt perfectly at home in the classroom. I made many contacts with New England Friends and I became very intimate with the remarkable group of Friends who at the time composed the Committee that managed the School. I had at this time very friendly relations with a fine old Quaker character who illustrated some of the best traits of the ancient Friends. He was tremblingly sensitive to duty. He felt a sense of awe when he sat down in the silence of a Quaker meeting. He was eager to be obedient to every divine intimation that broke into his soul. He had the peace of God written in his face. He felt the burdens and sufferings of humanity acutely. He was the devoted friend of the Indian and the Negro. With all his tenderness and sensitiveness of spirit he had nevertheless been very successful in business and was possessed of much goods which he generously administered. What impressed

me most as I talked and worked with him was his excessive caution of statement. He honored the truth to such a degree that every word he spoke seemed to be weighed with delicate scales of truth before he uttered it. He would begin his sentence cautiously with the words, "I think," which suddenly seemed to him to be too bold and he would refine it down to the humble assertion, "At least I think that I think" so and so. One morning when he was in the throes of sciatica one of us asked him how he was feeling, and the good man weighed out these restrained words with his interior scales: "I have a feeling that is akin to pain this morning, I thank thee." The dear man in his youth had probably had an unruly and boasting tongue and he had slowly conquered the propensity, and had brought his words into line with his soul's standard of truth.

At the end of the two years I had keen expectations of going to Harvard University for graduate work in philosophy, but an unexpected call to a new service once more postponed my period of study. I was asked to become principal of Oak Grove Seminary, a Quaker boarding school at Vassalboro, Maine, ten miles from my old home. My wife strongly urged me to take this position, for she felt that it would give us both opportunity and scope for the development of capacities and

powers in us which so far had not been drawn upon. I have never doubted the wisdom of the decision to accept the call. It was a position full of responsibility and labor. It demanded ingenuity and inventiveness and vast stores of patience. It tested every nerve and sinew in my system. It developed leadership and capacity to deal with all sorts of human problems. It drew out in a peculiar way my gifts for public ministry. We had two meetings each week which were attended by the students and by others in the community, and most of the speaking devolved upon me. At first it seemed impossible to be ready for these occasions with all the other duties pressing and piling up like mountains, but from somewhere help and guidance came and gradually it became easier and more joyous and less a task, partly, no doubt, because I saw day by day the comforting results in the lives and characters of my students.

I shall never forget my feelings at the late end of the first day of school at Oak Grove. I knew as never before the meaning of that famous old line in Cæsar's Commentaries: "Everything had to be done by Cæsar at one time!" Everybody who arrived was a stranger. Every boy and every girl was a walking problem which only time could solve. I saw my responsibilities roll up like cumulus clouds on the horizon. A program of

classes had to be made. Each person had to be fitted into it. Every teacher had to be lined up to his task and assigned to his list of duties. The machinery of the boarding department had to be started into operation with a green, untried force, no two of whom had ever worked together before. The necessary books for beginning classes had to be got at once. Meantime here were all these unknown young people, high-spirited and full of dynamite, sitting there in the schoolroom, wondering what this new principal was going to be like, challenging him with faces full of curiosity and suppressed mirth. Many of them resented the removal of their former principal, who was dearly loved, and were determined to meet his successor with a *quo warranto* attitude. The newcomer was obviously to receive only what he could *win* by his deserts. I said to myself many times that first night: "What a fool I was to get under this load when I might have had such an easy path with a wide-open door at the end of it!"

Four years later, in retrospect, I could only thank God in silence and with unutterable emotions that He had led me hither and had laid all these tasks and responsibilities upon me. Through them I had learned the deeper meaning of life, and I had in a new way found the hidden sources of power to live by. I had

won a host of new friends, and I had the joy of knowing that the challenge had been answered and that my students loved me with a beautiful devotion. At no other time in my life have I been so successful in bringing young persons to definite and positive decision for lives of religious dedication and service, due partly perhaps to the fact that I was still young with them and could speak their own language of youth, and could share their feelings and their problems as an older person rarely can do.

The Quaker method of free speech in meeting sometimes involves a heavy test to patience. Where the group is spiritually "seasoned" and harmoniously blended into unity, the result is excellent. The speaking is pretty sure to be fitting and coherent, but where the group is heterogeneous and contains one or two persons who are "hipped," or loaded with some queer complex, the strain may become as much as the camel's back can bear. It is peculiarly serious when the members of "the awkward squad" display their tactics in a meeting largely composed of school children or students. I had some very trying experiences in our early meetings at Oak Grove Seminary. I had come to my place of responsibility with an exaggerated sense of the importance of freedom for all. It had always seemed to me a glorious ideal to have no program, no fixed

order, no restraint, no limits to freedom. I practiced and stood loyally by this ideal.

But I soon discovered what a heavy *cost* this freedom entailed. Two persons, to speak of no others, took large advantage of this idealistic liberty. Each one of them had his own specific "complex" and we heard in overflowing measure his peculiar line of "truth." They both lacked the grace of speech and delivery, they were ignorant of the rules of grammar and they indulged with special delight in bizarre illustrations which provoked the mirth of the young hearers. I suffered much agony over this impasse. If I stood by my principle of freedom our meetings were sure to be ruined. If I laid my human hand on a speaker's lips it seemed like a break with the faith of my fathers. But I did it. I thought the whole issue through and satisfied my mind that it was better for one person to suffer than for an entire meeting to be spoiled and many young persons' spiritual future endangered. It seemed, too, that there must be some limit somewhere to the freedom extended to an obvious and incorrigible "crank" and, similarly, to a crude speaker whose "message" consisted of a string of platitudes almost endlessly repeated. I was reminded of one of our neighbors who always borrowed everything he used on his farm. One day he proposed to butcher a pig. He went to his nearest

neighbor and asked him if he expected to use his scalding tub that day. "No," said the neighbor, "you can have it." After a short delay, he cautiously asked, "how about your butcher-knife, are you going to use that?" "No," said the patient neighbor, "you can have it." "Well, do you suppose I could borrow your rope and blocks?" "Oh, yes, you can have them as well as not." The neighbor happened to have a half-witted hired man who had been listening to the conversation with open mouth. Suddenly, as his climax, the borrowing neighbor turned his gaze on the hired man and asked, "How about John, will you be using him to-day? I should like to have him help me kill my pig." John slowly pulled his wits together and drawled out: "Mr. Pearson, are you sure you've got a pig?"

I began to suspect that these repeaters of borrowed phrases had no real spiritual assets behind the phrases, that they were talking *just to talk*. With all the tenderness and gentleness I could command, but with an unalterable firmness, I drew the limits of freedom and protected the meeting from these fruitless and unedifying communications. I feel certain in retrospect that this course was the right one.

It was during my period at Oak Grove Seminary that I took part in a now-forgotten discussion at one of the last Quaker Yearly Meetings to be held in the old meet-

ing house at Newport, Rhode Island. The Discipline of that period contained a Query which asked the searching question whether Friends' daily lives and conversation revealed "a growing preparation for the life to come." Someone proposed to omit this Query on the ground that there could be no "growing preparation" for that great event. One was either "prepared" at the present moment or not "prepared," and if already "prepared" there could be no growth in the "preparation"! That argument appeared to carry much weight and the Query seemed to be doomed. I was too young to be the champion of the ancient faith, but as no one else entered the lists, I leaped forward to the defense. I insisted that "salvation" was not a fixed and finished state, and that the heavenly life itself was not one long, unchanging affair forever the same; otherwise it could not be called life. I pointed out that this probing question was concerned with the fundamental nature of the spiritual life, not as a static thing, but as a progressive, unfolding, growing thing. It might possibly be true at a given moment that a person had taken the decisive step toward salvation, or had not taken it, but that I could conceive of no type of *life* that did not grow. It seemed to me appalling to talk of the life with God as though it were moveless and congealed. On the other hand, if it were to be a progressive life,

full of growth and development, then there must be stages of preparation for it, and one person's life might well reveal a fuller preparation for that eternal life with God than another person's life did, just as two persons, both of whom could pass the entrance examinations to college, might reveal striking degrees of difference in their preparation for the unfolding work of college life to follow. The discussion led on to a thoroughly vital conception of salvation as against the forensic view of it, and in the end the Query was retained.

At the end of two years, in 1890, I was "recorded" a minister in the Society of Friends by China Monthly Meeting and by Vassalboro Quarterly Meeting. The original proposal for this action was made by my Uncle Eli, who at the time was eighty-four years old and who peacefully passed away in his South China home shortly after his proposal had been carried into effect. I was sitting by his bedside and saw the smile of peace as he entered the larger life. It was a comfort to me that this dear uncle, who had been such an inspiration and power in my life, lived to read the book in which I told the story of his contribution to the world.

At first, of course, my administrative work, my care of discipline, my teaching and my preaching left little free time for philosophy, but I soon organized and

systematized all my work and I set apart a definite time each week for the advancement of what was to be my life-work in the future. I found in the library of Colby College, five miles away, all the books I needed for my studies in philosophy, and the librarian kindly gave me almost unlimited privileges. It was at this time that I came upon William James' *Psychology* in two great volumes. No man with my interests could ever forget an event like that! A little later came Josiah Royce's *Spirit of Modern Philosophy,* which at once took a great place in my developing thought. Both of these authors were to be one day personal friends of mine, and they were to be major influences in shaping my later thought. No books now, however creative and dynamic, have the same effect as these two books had in that wonderful dawn, and I suppose that I must expect that no books ever again will *work* on me in the same powerful way in which these books did when they came fresh and living from the minds of these two men.

In the freer periods which the summers brought I devoted a large amount of time to a systematic study of two great masterpieces of literature—Dante's *Divine Comedy* and the two parts of Goethe's *Faust.* Like everything else that one conquers and makes a part of his inner being, these poems have been a continual

source of joy and strength to me in the years that have come since those far-off summer days on the banks of the Kennebec.

The greatest event of those four crowded years at Oak Grove Seminary, in fact, one of the supreme events here on earth for me, was the birth of a son in the midwinter of 1892, within two days of my own birthday. I cannot describe in any mortal words the thrill and the liberation of emotion which swept over me when I heard the first cry of that child and knew that it was my own child and that he was alive in the world and that he was uttering here his first expression of his humanity. It is impossible to tell what makes the father's emotion so unique, so overwhelming. It is a fusion of thanksgiving, of joy, of relief from strain and anxiety, of wonder and awe and mystery, and merged in it is the consciousness that a vital part of oneself is here beginning a new career. More than all that, I felt, too, that something of God was breaking into the world in conjunction with something of me and something of the child's mother. It was more than our product—it was a creative act of God as much as any act "in the beginning." I could say with Pompilia:

> I never realized God's birth before—
> How he grew likest God in being born.

I never got away from this divine miracle. There was a

light on this child's face which I did not put there. There were marks of heavenly origin too plain to miss. Poets admit that the child "trails clouds of glory from God who is our home," but they spoil it all by having the glory fade quickly into "the light of common day." It was not so in "Nolty's" case—his name was Lowell, but he always called himself "Nolty"—as a child the divine light kept growing plainer and more real through the eleven years that he lived here on earth with me, and it never became the "light of common day." I think that Swinburne has said something like what I felt:

> First the babe, a very rose of joy,
> Sweet as hope's first note of jubilation,
> Passes: then must growth and change destroy
> Next the child, and mar the consecration,
> Hallowing yet, ere thought or sense annoy,
> *Childhood's yet half heavenlike habitation,*
> *Bright as truth and frailer than a toy;*
> Whence its guest with eager gratulation
> Springs, and life grows larger round the boy.

A child's face is still for me one of the most beautiful things in the world, and I am always keen to see these little newcomers in the early stages of their adjustment to space and time. Each triumph of my little man as he learned to conquer food-assimilation, imitation, self-transportation, speech, fear of darkness, and the long

list of achievements meant as much to me as the unfolding story of civilization could mean. Here it all was before my eyes in miniature. From the first he and I seemed to go together. We fitted at every point. We fell in love with each other from the start. It was what might well be called a case of mystical union. Beyond words and beyond thoughts even, we loved and understood and thrilled with joy in each other's presence. It seemed as though our inner beings somewhere touched within and fused, or interfused, so that even when we were separated by space, we were still inseparable!

During the summer before he was born, his mother had spent all her free time collecting and analyzing the flowers which abound in vast quantity and variety in the Kennebec Valley. She lived surrounded with flowers and in a passionate enjoyment of them. From the very earliest stage of attention to external objects, flowers always roused a peculiar and extraordinary interest in Lowell. If one wanted to see that heavenly light break and radiate over his face all one needed to do was to hold out a flower toward him—any flower would do it. He began to collect them as a little tiny child. Then he cultivated them, and then he began to botanize, analyze and catalogue them as though he had been "marked" with his mother's passion. He had

the good fortune quite early in life to be thrown intimately with Thomas J. Battey, my former inspiring teacher, who led him off to the woods as soon as his feet could patter along unequally with those of his guide, and he would come back laden with spoils. He knew the Latin botanical names for flowers before he knew common English words. As he grew in stature this passion increased with his size. No rare and unusual plant escaped him. He found flowers where no one else saw them. He brought in at Haverford on the first day of March one year a wild violet that he had found. I have hunted every year since for a violet on March first and have never found one!

When he was five we were on a visit at my old South China home, and I took him with me on an errand. We had the old farm horse and were riding in a high-seated wagon. We saw, or at least *he* saw, some beautiful blue chicory flowers growing near the schoolhouse yard. "O Daddy, let me get some of those," he cried. I should have let him get out of the wagon to go for them himself, but I stupidly got out instead to get them for him. I left the reins hanging on the seat, not dreaming that this old plug of a horse might be dangerous to leave standing. But just as I reached the flowers I heard Lowell scream and looked up to see the horse starting off on a gallop with this precious

child alone on the wagon seat. I prayed with all my soul, but I ran as vigorously as I prayed. With the greatest sprint of my life I dashed after the flying wagon, by a leap far beyond my normal powers I sprang into the back of the wagon, climbed over the seat, recovered the reins, pulled in the runaway horse and saved the day. I can still feel that emotion swell within me.

I am carrying my story on beyond the margins of my Oak Grove period because I want at this point to dwell briefly on the extraordinary influence which Lowell in life and in death exerted over me—it was to say the least as great as any that ever touched me. Besides this unique love of flowers, he showed, as his mind began to find itself, a similar love for poetry. Edward Lear and Robert Louis Stevenson caught and owned him at a very early age. Then Whittier's collection, *Child Life*, came with its unlimited fascination, and then he discovered one after another the great poets themselves. He had, too, found his way into the joy of music and was learning, with the help of Christopher Morley's mother, to play the violin. It is not too much to say, I think, that this wonderful boy seemed made for beauty and he had the rare gift of finding it everywhere.

He found God in the same way as he found beauty.

He has forever convinced me that it is as natural as breathing for a child to be religious. The Bible stories always charmed him, and he took a sheer delight in the lofty English style of description, even in passages which he could not reflectively understand. He loved the silence of our home worship and he entered with real appreciation into the congregational hushes of our Quaker Meetings. He formed a beautiful group of little friends who played Quaker Meeting together, even got married to each other by saying over in child's play the Quaker marriage ceremony!

The time came, all too soon, when I had to be both father and mother to this dear boy, and then the depth of fusion became even greater and our lives grew together from within in a way that does not often happen. What I did for him cannot be known—there is no one to tell it, but I live still to say that no human being could have done more to teach me the way of life than he did. He helped me to become simple and childlike, gentle and loving, confident and trustful. When I talked with Mahatma Gandhi, he made me think of Lowell! It was the same type of spirit in both. The passing of this boy seemed at first a tragedy that could not be borne. Philip H. Wicksteed, the great Dante and Wordsworth scholar, helped me most, I think, to bear it and to find my way in that early

unrelieved darkness. It was in the intimate days in this time of sorrow that I heard Wicksteed give his extraordinary lecture on St. Francis of Assisi. Nothing else in the world was a bit like it—it was wholly unique. It caught the spirit of the Saint and transmitted it without losing the rare loveliness and perfume of the life. I saw into two souls at once, the soul of Francis and the soul of his lover who was interpreting him. It was an epoch. I found then and there the man who has ever since been one of the major guides of my life in the sphere of love. I should have been a different person if I had not found in Francis the revelation of "the second mile" and at the same time a transmitter of the love of God.

But now, I know that nothing has ever carried me back, or up, or down into the life of God, or done more to open out the infinite meaning of love, than has my visible separation from dear Lowell, for the mystic union has never broken and it can know no end.

CHAPTER XIII

A MOUNTAIN TOP AND A NEW FRIEND

I DO not want to tell in this book of my later university work, of my studies and fellowship with Professors George Fullerton of the University of Pennsylvania, William James, Josiah Royce, George Herbert Palmer, J. H. Thayer, George Santayana, Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard, J. A. Smith and Canon R. L. Ottley of Oxford, and Wilhelm Herrmann of Marburg, nor do I propose now to enter upon the story of my later career at Haverford as professor and as editor of *The American Friend.* But there is one more primary influence which, though coming slightly later, belongs, I think, with the group of events and persons that form the setting and the drama of this second narrative of mine about the Trail of Life.

Lying in bed one night, unable to sleep, my friend David Scull of Philadelphia remembered vividly a certain scene in Switzerland which had deeply impressed him on the occasion of a recent visit to that country. It occurred to him that he would like to arrange for me to have a holiday abroad, and he proposed in his

mind that I should spend part of the time in Switzerland, including especially the Lucerne district, where he had greatly enjoyed the beauty. The trip was arranged as he had planned it.

David Scull had strongly urged me to call upon his friend Archdeacon Wilberforce in London and take a message of love to him. I went one Sunday evening to hear Archdeacon Wilberforce preach to a crowded church, and at the close of the service I asked the verger if I might go for a few minutes to see the Archdeacon in the room to which he withdrew. The verger replied that it was impossible to do so, as there was a fixed rule that no one should disturb him after his evening service. I was proceeding down the aisle with the throng when the door of the room opened and the Archdeacon came into the church again, walked straight across to the middle aisle, singled me out from among the retiring throng and said: "Ought we to know one another?" I then told him I had a message for him and we sat down and had a most satisfactory visit together. I have never forgotten the somewhat awesome thrill of being selected out of all that group as though a telepathic insight had brought him to me.

I was fortunate, in a rare degree, to have as my companion of travel during the Swiss part of my holiday my old-time friend, J. Rendel Harris, then of Clare

College, Cambridge, who had taught for six years at Haverford, beginning just before my student period was over. It would be difficult to find in any country a more interesting person to grace a holiday journey. He was not only a good walker, ready on occasion for thirty miles a day, but on all occasions he was full of humor, wit, wisdom, poetry, folk-lore, New Testament scholarship, patristic knowledge and a wealth of general information. He always had the art of attracting little children around him—in fact, he was a true Franciscan in spirit—and he touched every incident and event with peculiar interest and charm.

We both knew that a group of English Friends, including John Wilhelm Rowntree of York, were having their holiday at Mürren and we measured off our day's marches, so as to arrive there for a week-end. It proved to be one of the most eventful and important week-ends of my life. At a little Quaker meeting which we arranged in the Hotel Mürren for Sunday morning, Rendel Harris quoted Christina Rossetti's little poem:

> What is the beginning? Love. What is the course? Love still.
> What is the goal? The goal is love on the happy hill.
> Is there nothing then but love, search we sky and earth?
> There is nothing out of love hath perpetual worth.
> All things fail or fade; all things fly or flee.
> There is nothing out of love worthy you or me.

That day, that Sunday at Mürren, in front of the splendor of the Jungfrau, saw a "beginning" of love that was to be "of perpetual worth" and that was to have its goal on "the happy hill," the birth of an unending friendship between John Wilhelm Rowntree and myself. We spent most of that Sunday finding our intellectual and spiritual contacts, reviewing to one another our past lives and forecasting possible plans for the future. The next morning at two o'clock we started to climb the peak of the Schilthorn together with a little group made up out of the Rowntree party. As John Wilhelm's sight was already dim from a subtle and baffling disease, and as the early morning was still dark, we walked much of the way together side by side, talking eagerly of plans for the future, enjoying the marvelous morning climb and watching the dawning light break over the Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger to the east of us. We made the summit at eight, had breakfast there, which our guides had carried, and then we took the famous plunge down the mountain on the snow, in the days before the ski had come into use, on burlap sacking. It was a day of continual thrills—my first experience on a high snow mountain—but greater than the joy of climbing or of seeing sunrise on the Jungfrau or of plunging down a mountain top into space, was my highborn joy as I went on discover-

ing the remarkable character and quality of the new friend who was walking by my side. We both knew before the day was over that we were to be comrades for the rest of life.

John Wilhelm was the oldest son of Joseph Rowntree, head of the well-known Cocoa firm in York, a philanthropist and a notable force for righteousness in a multitude of ways, known and unknown. His mother was Antoinette Seebohm, a woman of noble spiritual ancestry. The son, born in 1869, united two splendid lines of inheritances and drew upon a great stock of gains slowly accumulated out of a long past. But with all his fine acquisitions he had unfortunately brought into the world a body ill-fitted for supporting the high endowments of his spirit. He was early in life marked with a subtle, insidious and baffling disease which threatened to destroy both his sight and hearing, though he was unconscious of the danger before he had reached his early manhood.

His education admirably fitted him to follow the bent and aptitudes of his highly gifted mind. He had been a student at Bootham School, he had had the stimulating intellectual influences of his home environment, and besides these he had received the advantages of extensive Continental travel. His main interests, out-

side of business, were history, music and art, especially the creative work of the great genius Albrecht Dürer. There came to him, as there did to so many young persons in the eighties and nineties of the last century, a period of doubt and agnosticism. He was powerfully interested in and carried along by the scientific movement of his time and by the tide of fearless historical research, and he saw no way to reconcile the newly discovered *facts* with the faiths and hopes of the human soul. He found himself adrift and, in the honesty of spirit which controlled him, he preferred to do without the comforts of religion rather than to be a victim of self-deceit and to wrap himself in the man-made contrivances of a false hope.

But there were already a number of virile Quaker leaders, still in the freshness of youth, who had gone deeper than most of their generation into the great issues of the soul and who had something constructive to tell about the nature, the experience, the meaning and the authority of religion, and at the same time there were in the messages of Henry Drummond, George Adam Smith and other scientific and historical scholars the beginnings of a new and more satisfactory interpretation of Christianity.

These new currents reached John Wilhelm at the

turning point of his life. His mind developed rapidly and revealed a rare and unusual quality. There was a drive and power in his intellectual outreach. He saw more clearly than most the reality and significance of this new constructive interpretation. It found him and spoke to his condition, and once he caught the new truth, and felt its pointing direction, he gave himself to it heart and soul. Together with his intellectual adjustment there came also an undoubted first-hand experience of God, which flooded his inner being with an unwonted spiritual power and energy. This new outlook and this deeper experience came in the period when he was discovering the serious nature of his disease and was being compelled to realize that his life was henceforth to be beset with severe limitations and handicaps. Instead of daunting or crushing his spirit, the discovery seemed to liberate within him a new spiritual force. He bounded forward with unexpected resources. He took on a beautiful quality of light and radiance. He seemed to reach interior reservoirs that he had never known before. He spoke like a prophet because he *saw* like one. Sometime before we had met in Switzerland he had become, without being conscious of it, and without striving for it, the outstanding leader of young Friends in England. He was a leader because he was going somewhere and not marking time. He

was done with conventions and traditions and ancient futilities and was dedicated to the discovery of the living truth for his age.

With all this forward-looking vision he had an immense fertility of mind. He was creative, he was originative, he was inventive, he thought of things that ought to be adventured; and with it all he was bold and unafraid. He was ready to sail unknown seas or to hazard untried flights.

We met at what seems to me, as I look back, about the high-tide period of his young life. He was beginning to sketch out the main lines of his creative work. There were three dominating strands to it. He saw that there must be a new type of Quaker ministry. It must unite *inspiration* and *interpretation.* The creation of that sort of ministry, ministry born out of experience and a knowledge of truth, was his first concern. As a preparation for that type of ministry and service he felt sure that a new kind of educational institution was necessary for training leaders. The creation and development of such an institution was his second concern. And overarching both these aims was his clear insight that there must be a fresh and sound historical interpretation of the entire Quaker movement. He saw that the true historical track had been lost in the mists of controversy and convention, and that some

one must rediscover the clue to early Quaker history. This task seemed to be his own peculiar mission.

I unfolded to him my growing plan to write the history of Christian mysticism and to trace back the roots of Quakerism to these spiritual movements before the birth of George Fox. We both saw in a flash that our two proposed historical lines of study supplemented one another, that our two strands should eventually be woven together and that we were destined to coöperate toward a common and unified end. We talked all these concerns over with enthusiasm and with kindled interest; when we parted at Mürren we had promised to write to each other frequently and we had arranged for future visits to perfect our mutual plans.

From that first evening in Switzerland until John Wilhelm died in a hospital in New York City in 1905 of pneumonia, contracted on the steamer, we met almost every year, either in England or in America. He was collecting his material for his Quaker History and was trying his apprentice hand on various central Quaker topics in which he was peculiarly interested. It was perfectly evident from these preliminary papers that he had both the historical insight and the fitting English style for his task. Meantime his dream for a Quaker settlement for study, for fellowship, for the cultivation

of the spirit and for preparation for service and ministry was taking shape and becoming a reality at Woodbrooke in Selly Oak near Birmingham.

He himself was the most glowing embodiment of the new type of Quaker ministry. There was a moving quality, a glow and power to his preaching which always reminded me of Phillips Brooks. His messages carried a remarkable *sense of reality.* One felt that he had *been there* and was speaking what he knew. Then, too, his inner apprehension was joined with a clear intellectual grasp of the facts that were germane to his subject. He possessed a vivid pictorial power; he had a wealth of appropriate illustrations and there were always beautiful touches of humor whenever he spoke. All the old realities—the incarnation, the cross, the atonement, salvation, the resurrection life—had a place in his modern preaching, but they came in no longer as phrases and doctrines, they poured forth from his fervid spirit as living truths, translated out of ancient thought into first-hand experience and quickened with the warmth and intimacy of an awakened and penetrating soul. He cared intensely for the truth hidden away and almost lost in formula and convention, and he plunged in like a valiant swimmer to rescue what was being lost underneath the old currents of thought. He did not come as a rebel or a revolutionist; he came

as a *prophet* who reveres the past, lives in the present and forecasts the future that ought to be.

It is impossible for me to express adequately what his life and friendship meant to me. His intense convictions, his glowing faith, his sense of reality, his passion for the supreme ideals of Quakerism, his experience of God, the depth of his worship, the sweep of his prayers, the power of his ministry, the charm of his personality—all these things captured me and gave me a fresh inspiration for life and for service. And his death, so unexpected and so moving, carried me farther perhaps than his continued life could have done. I felt at once that I had to live and work for both of us and no longer as one person. I felt his concerns laid upon me as though they were mine by birth, and I have, as far as one man can do it, endeavored to carry through to completion the work he was beginning. The Quaker History is one visible result—the rest is and must always be viewless.

Here my little book may come to an end. In this chapter I have leaped over the limits of time I had set myself. In 1893 I had arranged to go to Harvard for my graduate work in philosophy, when suddenly the call came to me to become Editor of the *Friends' Review* in Philadelphia, which a little later became *The American Friend,* and to be instructor in philosophy at Hav-

erford College with an opportunity to work in philosophy with Dr. George Fullerton in the University of Pennsylvania. I went on to Philadelphia to canvass the situation and accepted the new call. "No one," said Cromwell, "ever goes as far as when he doesn't know where he is going," and I have found out that there is much truth in Cromwell's paradox. I went to the train in Vassalboro on my way to Pennsylvania, leaving my beloved Oak Grove Seminary for the last time with my face wet with quiet tears that could not be kept back, and I took up my new work with faith and enthusiasm.

The change of scene and of type of labor marks another watershed in my life, and is the proper terminus of this story as it was the close of my long preparation for life and service. What came after was very different from what went before. I have never stopped preparing, and I am still finding or trying to find the trail, but these later years have been much more given to the constructive work of a life than to a search for the *way,* which in some sense at least I had at length found. I have been telling here how I found it, and who were my helpers. It is a long list of persons who had pulled at the ropes for the launching of my ship. Most of them are now invisible, but no less real for that. The fellowship is unbroken, the bands of love are

immortal. I am full of thanksgiving for the hands that have helped me, for the love that has guided me, for the truth that has inspired me, for the radiance and beauty that have been revealed to me in human faces.

One of the best achievements I had made in this second period of my formative life was *the art of living with myself.* I had learned very little of that art as a boy. I could be quiet in meeting when others were worshiping around me and lending out their minds to help me worship. I had little ability to *stand* myself when I was alone, I wanted to hurry off and find some associates. It was necessary to have something "going on." I turned naturally to objective things and focused on activity—action, "doing things." I have not outgrown that active tendency and probably never shall outgrow it. Life is keyed for action and it is essentially normal for us men to go out of ourselves into the deed that is waiting to be done. But by the end of my third decade I had learned the secret of withdrawal from the rush and turmoil of the world into the quiet cell of my inner self. I had learned how to enjoy my own stock of interior resources. It had become a joy to reflect, to meditate, to be a silent spectator of the drama going on behind the "footlights of consciousness." I had been a devoted chess player and evening games had been my delight, but gradually I gave up

finding my enjoyment in these contests of skill and preferred the no less strenuous exercise of thinking through the problems of life which confronted me or my students, and of preparing my mind to grapple with the issues of the hour and achieve some solution of them. I should revolt from this tendency if it made a solitary individual, or if it seemed to cut the nerve of action, or if it inclined me to be smugly satisfied with myself. Quite the contrary has been the result. Living with my inner self only drives me all the more to share the tasks and problems of my fellows. It forces me, too, to seek ever deeper levels of life. No one can be "at home" to himself without becoming conscious that his poor, thin, surface self is utterly inadequate. It becomes necessary to live down all the time to deeper levels and to pursue those unattained ideals of life which continually make all achievements look pale and ghostlike in comparison with that which beckons on ahead.

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